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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE coal situation, while still unravelled, has moved two steps nearer to a definite conclusion. In the first place the owners have prepared a schedule of the wages they are prepared to pay district by district when the subsidy ends. The rates have been calculated on two assumptions: one that the present seven-hour day will be continued, the other that the miners will agree to work eight hours. In the latter case the men's earnings will be considerably higher than in the former, but even so they must show a serious falling-off from the level at which the subsidy had artificially kept them. This will be especially the case in the exporting districts, but nowhere when the figures are published are they likely to be received with anything but dismay. They indicate only the bare earnings of the miners and take no account of the special allowances they receive or of the possibility of Government assistance. In other words they paint the position in the darkest colours by showing exactly what sacrifices will have to be made if the industry is to stand on its own feet, and to cease both leaning on the State and being run at a loss. We shall thus at last be getting in touch with economic realities.

THE ONLY WAY

That is wholesome but it is also unpleasant. It puts a card in the hands of the miners' executive

that they may be tempted to play at the wrong time and in the wrong way. It will be easy for them, if they wish, to take the proposed reductions in wages, which must necessarily seem harsh and startling, and rouse the miners into a mood where they will listen to nothing. But the wiser and the more difficult course will be to use the figures as a starting point for fresh negotiations, in which the amount of the Government's assistance to the poorer mines, and the length of the working day, will be very important factors. After all, it is not the owners who pay the wages; it is the coal; and all talk of "an attack on the miners' standard of life" is, as their leaders know perfectly well, beside the mark. It is an economic situation that holds both owners and miners in its grip. They may just manage to get out of it by mutual sacrifices at once and by a more helpful spirit of co-operation henceforward, but not otherwise.

BREAKDOWN

Negotiations between miners and owners were resumed on Thursday and broke down within an hour. Thus, as we go to press, we are faced with another deadlock. The owners appear to have attempted further discussion of district settlements, contrary to the arrangement believed to have been advocated by the Premier when he met them, and the miners stood out for a national agreement. There is scarcely a week to the ending of the subsidy and of the existing agreement. But,

IT WILL PAY YOU
to investigate the
possibilities of the

Remington

BOOK-KEEPING
MACHINES

Demonstration at your
convenience

black as things look, and despite dangers from hotheads and firebrands, there is such a will to peace abroad among the nation generally, if not conspicuously among the main protagonists in the dispute, that it is possible to feel hopeful that a stoppage will even now be averted. Mr. Baldwin has so far handled the situation with good sense and with what is, we believe, a true interpretation of national rather than of merely party or sectional wishes.

THE BUDGET

When Mr. Churchill rises on Monday to unfold his Budget, he will find curiosity more than usually on the alert. It has been worked up partly by the talk of a raid on the Road Fund, partly by the reported sanction of a tax on betting, and partly by the belief that the Chancellor, a man of many and nimble expedients, has some surprise luxury taxes up his sleeve. Has he, by the way, ever thought of a tax on bicycles? A five or ten shilling annual licence for all the bicycles in the country would be fair, easy to collect, and highly productive. But at present there seems no reason why new taxes should be imposed on bicycles or anything else. Barring an industrial upheaval, it looks as though a surplus and a substantial one would be realized from the present scale of taxation. The probabilities do not point to any considerable remissions, and if new taxes are in contemplation it can only be because the Chancellor is determined to have an ample margin for contingencies.

A BETTING TAX

As for the possible tax on betting, we should like to see it if only because its imposition would lead to some wholesome changes in the law and conduct of gambling. At present the street bookmaker is harried by the police and often arrested and fined, while the credit bookmaker, in expensive West End offices, goes unmolested. That is one of the few discriminations between rich and poor that the law still tolerates, and it ought to be abolished. It will be found, if credit bookmakers are taxed, that cash transactions, whether in the streets or on the racecourse, will also have to be taxed. This, in time, will lead to the disappearance of the peripatetic bookmaker and the opening up of regular shops and offices under a Government licence; while on the racecourse it will also lead to the totalisator and, in the legislature, to a revision of the betting laws. As all of these reforms are desirable we hope that Mr. Churchill will move in the matter.

THE DRY SEAS

Our Government has shown the United States some extraordinary indulgences in assisting her to enforce Prohibition. The three mile limit was extended to twelve to make it easier for the American revenue cutters to do their work, and there have even been those in Whitehall who would have yielded to the rather cool request that American vessels should be allowed to board and search ships in British territorial waters. As it is, permission has actually been given to the American cutters to visit freely the smuggling bases in the

Bahamas and examine the cargoes and manifests of all the ships in the harbours. Moreover it has been agreed that the question whether a transfer to the British flag is in accordance with the laws shall in future be decided, not by a British court or officer alone, but by a joint Anglo-American tribunal. This seems to us to be going very far. It is quite right that the Government should be at pains to clear itself of all charges of conniving at rum-running. But between consideration and obsequiousness there is a difference which our latest concessions rather overlook.

THE FRANC

The steady fall of the franc is much more disquieting now that the budget has been passed than it would have been a few weeks ago, for it indicates clearly how little confidence Frenchmen have in the Chamber. M. Raoul Peret declares that he is very optimistic, although the necessity of giving higher salaries to Government servants will imperil his budget, but his compatriots do not apparently share his optimism. They fear, and we suppose with reason, that the political parties will squabble just as violently and as destructively in June as they did in March, and they have no confidence in the stability of the Briand Cabinet, chosen as it was in the few brief hours of M. Briand's absence from the more sensational discussions in Geneva.

AN ANGLO-ITALIAN AGREEMENT

The new agreement between Great Britain and Italy over Abyssinia may be quite harmless, but the manner in which it has been announced is decidedly unfortunate. The French are naturally indignant that, as third party to the Tripartite Agreement of 1906, they should have been informed of the discussions only when they had been brought to a successful conclusion. They fear that if Italy builds new railways in Abyssinia, trade, which has formerly passed through their own port of Djibouti, will be diverted. But there is another and more serious aspect. The atmosphere of secrecy, the references in the Italian Press to a mandate over Abyssinia, and the silence of the Government in Addis-Abeba, all encourage the suspicion that Italy, despite her crushing defeat on the last occasion, dreams of military conquests in Abyssinia. Rightly or wrongly, Abyssinia has been made a Member of the League of Nations, and it is to be hoped that Sir Austen Chamberlain, in his desire to safeguard the waters of Lake Tsana, has not agreed to Italian penetration contrary to the spirit of the League and menacing to Abyssinian independence.

TURKISH FEARS

France is not the only country which has been made uneasy by Signor Mussolini's Imperialist speeches during his visit to Tripoli. Turkey professes to be so alarmed by them and by the extent to which Greece, despite official declarations to the contrary, is purchasing arms in Italy that she has called up her reserves and is strongly reinforcing her garrison at Smyrna. Some observers suggest that this military activity is only designed to impress Sir Ronald Lindsay, the British Ambas-

sador, who is reported to be on the point of making new offers to Angora for a settlement of the Mosul dispute. The Turks have used such methods of bluff in the past, but we are inclined to believe that on this occasion they are quite sincere in anticipating that an Italo-Greek attack may be made in Asia Minor in the near future. They have forgotten neither the slight excuses which led to the Tripoli War, nor the almost excessive cordiality with which the Greek Foreign Minister was received in Rome a few months ago.

PEACE IN MOROCCO?

The fact that the Kaid Haddou, the Riff delegate, is now spending most of his time flying between Camp Berteaux and Abdel Krim's headquarters need cause no discouragement. For some unknown reason the Riffs were not informed beforehand that the French and Spaniards would agree to an armistice only if they advanced their troops to occupy important strategic positions, and Sidi Mohamed Azerkane, the head of the Riff Delegation could not be expected to agree to these armistice terms without consulting the "Emir," Abdel Krim. The Franco-Spanish armistice terms are very stiff indeed and it is encouraging that the followers of Abdel Krim have received them with so little protest. They have issued an appeal to world opinion in which they suggest amendments of a relatively moderate nature. If France and Spain show anything like the same spirit of conciliation, the prospects of peace will be favourable.

DEVELOPMENTS IN CHINA

Affairs in China are developing rapidly, but it is still impossible to compute the strength of the alliance between Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu. The former, who is alleged to be urged on by Japan and various European Powers, is demanding the recall of Karakhan, the Soviet Ambassador, and his demand may quite possibly cause serious difficulties, not only between Manchuria and Siberia, but also between Peking and Moscow and between himself and Wu Pei-fu, who may resent the interference of the Mukden "War Lord" in the affairs of the rest of China. Tuan Chi-jui, who may be called the Chinese Pashitch, since he pops in and out of office with the frequency of the veteran Yugoslav politician, is said to have left Peking, but it is not yet clear who Wu Pei-fu will get to replace him. The best that could now happen would be for Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu to forget all about the rest of the world for a week or two, until they have established sound and secure government in their country.

LORD READING'S WORK

The bestowal of a marquessate on Lord Reading expresses officially an appreciation of his work in India which was expressed popularly in the warm welcome given him on his recent return to England after five strenuous years. He has not done the impossible: he has not made the new political machinery function smoothly, he has not abolished the feuds between Hindus and Mohammedans which increase in bitterness as self-government is brought nearer. And, for all the firmness with which in one of his last official letters he asserted

the true position of the Government of India in regard to the Native States, he has not cleared up the anxious question how those States can be expected to acquiesce in a nominally British paramount authority exercised by an indigenous Government at Delhi. But he has shown patience and courage as well as high ability; with the aid of an admirable Finance Member, he has restored health to the finances of the country; he has ended the old grievance of the inequitable cotton excise; and, not least, he has maintained the dignity of the greatest overseas office under the Crown.

WOMEN AND INDUSTRIAL PEACE

The demonstration by women of many classes, with the wives of workers naturally predominating, in favour of industrial peace has not failed to strike the popular imagination. Strikes and lock-outs are the weapons of desperation. We cannot wholly abolish them, but we can at least see to it that they shall be regarded as weapons for the use of which a very grave responsibility rests on those who utilize them. It is the women of the workers who have to bear most of the sufferings consequent on industrial strife, and for that reason alone they have a peculiar right to be heard when they protest against avoidable stoppages of work. But they have also other claims to a hearing. They are far less likely than men to be led into a policy of vindictiveness which injures their own homes, into a quest for "moral victories," which are not only material defeats, but give rise to moral deterioration.

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT

It was not solely or even mainly for his semi-legendary reputation as one who made possible the drama of to-day that Sir Squire Bancroft was prized among us. He did more than recreate the drama and bring it into new and vital contact with the prismatic play of everyday life. He was also, if we may trust the critics of his epoch, an admirably competent actor. He knew his limitations and observed them. That greatness in a player which is the fusion of imagination, stagecraft and the sense of form was something beyond his reach. He was content with practising the lesser art which we of to-day associate with Sir Gerald du Maurier; but he practised that to perfection. The theatre claimed and enlisted every talent he possessed. The many and admirable innovations he introduced in stage management and the policy of the theatre—he was the first to experiment with matinees—went hand in hand with a shrewd and prudent disposition. He had made and retired on a great fortune before he was forty-five, and he lived nearly forty years longer to enjoy and increase it.

A ROYAL GRANDDAUGHTER

The King and Queen are to be congratulated no less than the Duke and Duchess of York themselves on the happy event which has marked the week. The young person herself is in the existing line of succession to the Throne, and in certain eventualities (such as the Prince of Wales having no issue and the Duke of York having no son) may become Queen of England—the third since Elizabeth, whose name, it is said, she may bear.

SIR AUSTEN'S INACTION

IN defending his action or inaction in Geneva, Sir Austen Chamberlain has frequently declared that Great Britain could not dictate to the whole world. Nobody will dispute the accuracy of such a statement and, indeed, since we dislike dictatorships in principle, we see no cause for regret that this should be so. If Sir Austen Chamberlain, however, is to remain in office, we would suggest in all earnestness that the time has now come for him to allow Great Britain to play as important a part in international affairs as, say, Sweden, Czechoslovakia or Brazil. In his pseudo-confidential report to the State Department, Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador, drew a pathetic picture of Great Britain being dragged along unwillingly at the heels of France. We appreciate courtesy towards the diplomatic representatives of other countries, but there is no need for us to make special efforts to live up to this reputation that the American Ambassador has given us.

Inactivity is by no means always masterly, and we fear that in the case of British foreign policy it is due to weakness rather than to strength. The Foreign Secretary cannot afford to stand aside with folded arms to contemplate the disaster of the Special Assembly of the League, for by September forces which are now at work may have achieved the ruin of both Locarno and the League. Although we refuse to be alarmed by the new Russo-German Treaty, there are certain features in connexion with it which are a little disquieting. Germany is obviously in a special position, since she is disarmed and cannot carry out sanctions in the same way as fully armed members of the League, but any neutrality guarantee in her Treaty with Russia might be looked upon as a breach of the Covenant, were it not for the fact that we have allowed a similar clause in the Italo-Yugoslav Pact of Friendship to pass unchallenged and were not France even now trying to insert this neutrality provision in her own Treaty dealing with the relations between Turkey and Syria. The whole system of alliances is a little difficult to reconcile with the spirit of the League, but it was a system introduced by one of the League's strongest members, France. The French cannot grumble if the Germans now follow their example, nor can we complain if the Germans make the best of both worlds—that of the League and that of the Soviets. London and Paris, not Berlin or Moscow, are to be blamed. Had Sir Austen Chamberlain shown any readiness to treat with Russia, the Bolsheviks would not be so desperately anxious to offer concessions to Germany which will break the unity of the alleged League front against Russia. Had not Sir Austen and M. Briand, in their desire to please France's Allies, made it impossible for Germany to enter the League last month, Berlin would not have been in such a hurry to resuscitate the unpopular Treaty of Rapallo. At present Russo-German relations are not the menace some people would have us believe, but they will become so unless Germany enters the League in September.

The alarming fact is that the prospects of Germany's entry are not improving. M. Paul

Boncour, who sits on the League Council when M. Briand is absent, has been declaring publicly in Poland that France will continue to support the Polish claim for a permanent seat in the Council. Spain and Brazil see no reason to modify their demands, although newspaper comment in the Argentine and other countries of South America must have shown the Brazilians how deeply their claim to represent that continent is resented. Sir Austen Chamberlain is justified in saying that Lord Cecil should not have his hands tied before he goes to Geneva to attend the Committee on the composition of the Council, but surely the Foreign Secretary by now realizes the immense harm he did in Geneva by neglecting British public opinion. The vote given him in the House of Commons on his return was a generous recognition of his hard work, but it was certainly not a vote of approval of the way in which he had interpreted his instructions. In this particular case Great Britain *can* dictate to the world. If Sir Austen lets it be known publicly or privately to the other representatives on the Council that in September he is going to work loyally to bring Germany into the League, whatever the effect on other claimants, one may be certain that, if these claims are not dropped straightway, the possibilities of reaching agreement will have been greatly increased. If he is in fact already giving other nations to understand that he will have to take a firmer line in September than he did in March, then we shall be the first to congratulate him on his action.

We have yet to be convinced, however, that the Foreign Secretary realizes the extent to which he is frittering away the opportunities of Great Britain in the field of international politics. By failing to get Germany into the League he has strengthened the Nationalist and Russophile tendencies in Germany. By his failure to make the least effort to improve relations with Moscow he has convinced the Bolsheviks that his ambition is to head a great international movement against Russia. Turkey is equally convinced that at Rapallo he promised Signor Mussolini his moral support in any campaign that Italy might carry out against Turkey in Asia Minor. By his failure to give Europe a lead during these months of waiting before Germany can become a member of the League he is giving tacit encouragement to all these partial alliances and separate agreements which increase the difficulties of international co-operation. The manner in which his agreement with Italy over Abyssinia, to which we refer elsewhere, has been reached will please nobody but the Italians themselves, although it may not seriously offend the French, who have so many other reasons to be grateful to him for his readiness to comply with their wishes.

We bear no grudge against the Foreign Secretary, and we are convinced of his honesty and of his good intentions. But a policy of offending nobody brings us far more enemies at this stage than would a frank and honest campaign in support of British interests, since the principal aim of British policy is to maintain peace. Great Britain is not yet a fifth-rate Power which must look to the little countries of Europe for a moral lead. She cannot dictate to the world, but, with a Foreign Secretary of courage and independence, she could at least give an example which would

restore our prestige and give encouragement to every other Government which did not wish to return to the old system of secret treaties and competition in armaments.

WEAR AND TEAR IN REPUTATIONS

THE revaluation of the Victorians continues, in such critical monographs as those on Swinburne and Meredith just added to a famous series, in the pious and even enthusiastic celebration of centenaries, even the centenaries of such lesser Victorians as Mrs. Craik, and in many other ways. And the Victorians are coming out of it quite well. At the very beginning of this revival of interest, the prime motive of those directing it was apparently a malicious desire to strip the Victorians of their legends. But the process, in most instances, revealed real men and women, far more interesting than the effigies we had grown weary of worshipping. For one example, Tennyson lost nothing when for the spurious supreme poet there was substituted the distraught author of 'Maud,' the unstrung poet of those lyrics in which a very wonderful artist is found rendering lowered states of vitality and painting landscape to harmonize with them. Coventry Patmore, for another example, gained enormously when for the laureate of 'The Angel in the House' there was substituted the austere impassioned singer of 'The Unknown Eros.' Others have still to undergo revaluation, but almost all can stand it. They can bear having much taken away from them. They can be robbed of their prophetic mantles and appear as curious artists, or lose the most of their purely æsthetic attractions and be seen as at least very remarkable human beings. Under all the Alberto-Victorian complacency, they were very real. They need scraping, but in one respect or another, almost all benefit by it.

How will the Georgians emerge from a similar treatment, when it is applied to them, say, sixty years hence? On the popular level, will Miss Dell issue from the ordeal as safe as Ouida, whose extravagances are now found quite refreshing, who is seen to have after all a certain value, though not that which she set on herself? Will all that fiction about sheikhs fade out, or Miss Hull be applauded for having been fair in the fearless old fashion? Who can say? But on the higher levels we are surely safe. No one will ever dare to scrape the guilt off Mr. Michael Arlen, for it will be quite evident that there is no gingerbread underneath it, and who would remove a superficiality to discover nothing? Mr. Arlen will remain for posterity what he is for us, since the only alternative is that he should not abide at all, which would be absurd. With Mr. Coward, again, we are pretty safe. It would be unreasonable to expect for him more attention than Wycherley gets now, but there are sure to be societies producing plays of a Sunday sixty years hence. He may even fare better than that. For it is not only contemporaries who can feel the thrill of youth knocking at the door, though it be only of a *cabinet particulier*. The thought that he may have shocked grandpapa will help him.

Then the Sitwells will not lack believers, though there may be some dividing of their substance or confounding of their persons. There will be a nice little cult of them, with disquisitions on their technique. But after these we are at something of a loss.

These are our Georgian personalities, more than mere writers. Of the great mass of us posterity will likely enough be able to make nothing, especially as we cannot be neatly summed up. The Victorians were first of all just what is conveyed by the term, then the unexpected people we are discovering them to have been. But the Georgians, it is distressing to think, are simply the persons who plied their pens during a particular reign. Some not yet mentioned may arrive at immortality; it is difficult to see why our two self-frustrated men of genius, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Joyce, should not be allowed at least the kind of immortality enjoyed by Pétrus Borel and Ebenezer Jones. One or two of whom little thought is now taken may attain to something much loftier. But we do not take shape as a generation of writers. Our best chance of being remembered by qualities peculiar to our age is through Mr. Arlen, Mr. Coward, the Sitwells. For it is hard to conceive of them in any other period, and sometimes even in this.

One of the last of the real Victorians has this week passed into history in the person of Sir Squire Bancroft. To say of any man of eighty-four that his death leaves a gap may seem extravagant. Yet it may truthfully be said of Sir Squire Bancroft. There was much in a life and character such as this that the scoffers at Victorianism might profitably ponder. Sir Squire Bancroft was whole and he was wholesome, and it is a very open question indeed whether we are producing to-day personalities as fully rounded, as complete in themselves, as compactly representative. Say what you please about the stuffiness and the smug self-deceptions of the Victorian era, it had at least the luck to turn out men of character and authority, whose moral and intellectual influence on their contemporaries was profound and to whom life meant hard work, serious problems, and a fairly rigid scheme of conduct. (We of to-day may be much more amusing, more broad and detached than they were, but if we were asked to say in what we were rooted or where we imagined ourselves to be tending, an intelligible reply would not be easy. In the quality of life the twentieth century has still to show that it can equal its predecessor. It was this that Sir Squire Bancroft had—quality, cohesion; a certainty of aim and conviction; and these were attributes that ran through most of the men of the mid-Victorian era. Even when their art was limited and their outlook inadequate there was a stamp of greatness upon them that their more emancipated successors seem to lack.)

NOTICE

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THANK goodness we have got through the Economy Bill. How much harm the misrepresentation that it invites has done the Government in the constituencies remains to be seen. Lady Astor thinks a good deal, others who measure by their postbag think very little. But no one really likes the Bill, and it has been a hard task for those on the Conservative benches to sit still and say nothing for fear of unduly lengthening the proceedings. The accusations of robbery, confiscation and the like in which the Opposition so freely indulged left us cold. What did sting were the sneers at Mr. Churchill and the poverty of the contribution made by this Bill to the great problem of national economy. Perhaps a great Budget speech on Monday will serve as the blue bag.

* *

The Speaker has come out of the troubles of the last week exceedingly well. Mr. Lloyd George says that the thirteen Labour members who were suspended did not invent the particularly dangerous form of obstruction by stopping half-way down the division lobby between the clerks who prick off the names and the tellers who take the numbers, but if it has been practised before it must have been a very slight attack and have cured itself. But when the Speaker was sent for out of bed at six o'clock in the morning a week ago it looked as though obstruction had invented a method which would enable any cantankerous crank to play Horatius Cocles and hold up all Parliamentary business. The Speaker solved the whole difficulty by the simple process of sending for the tellers, and he has earned immense gratitude for saving Parliament from a threatened breakdown in its procedure. There is talk of an addition to the Standing Orders empowering a Chairman to do what both the Speaker and Mr. Hope have done successfully. Why not leave well alone? We are best governed by precedents.

* *

Mr. Hope is not the best Chairman of Committees, and Mr. Thomas has tabled a vote of censure on him for his partiality. His crime consists in treating the obstruction as an abuse of the rules of the House—which it was; you cannot fairly blame him after an all-night sitting for not making a precedent that would rout the obstructionists without hurting them, as the Speaker did. The moral of the whole business (for the same wearisome reiteration of the same argument continued on the education clauses of the Bill) is that the Committee of the whole House is a mistake, an obsolete survival from days when the whole conditions of Parliamentary work were different. The Committee stage of a Bill should be carried out upstairs, a report stage should be compulsory, and the House should make its detailed criticism of a Bill on that. Most of the talk on this

Economy Bill has not been debate at all, but mere placarding of the Chamber with lying election posters.

* *

The event of the week has been Mr. Saklatvala's speech at the end of Wednesday night's debate on Communism. We listened with mixed feelings to Sir Alan Burgoyne's motion for the suppression of Communist propaganda. Over and over again our flesh began to creep, and then some comicality would make us laugh, as, for example, the Communist idea of enclosing their literature for the corruption of soldiers and sailors from their allegiance in envelopes inscribed "Joe Smart's Sixpenny Special." When Sir Alan called that particular dodge "devilish" he undid the effect of his figures and quotations, some of which were certainly startling. Mr. Saklatvala repaired these mistakes and showed us Communism not with a hideous painted mask but as a skeleton of logic dancing horribly. He described himself as a "child of the Labour Party" (the old parent hen wilted when he said that) and argued that as you were out to take possession of the means of production for the proletariat, it was of no use pretending that you could do it in any other way than by revolutionary force. He could not fight capitalist bayonets and bombs with his fists or by speeches; therefore he could only appeal to the soldiers not to shoot but to join in seizing the agencies of production, distribution and exchange.

The Parliamentary idea usually conquers the minds of all who come under its influence, but it has not touched the mind of this strange, logic-mad Oriental. No speech has ever been made in Parliament at once so calm and logical and at the same time so saturated with treason to the very soul of our Parliamentary forms of Government. The Home Secretary replied suitably. Had there been more time, the Labour Party would have denounced Mr. Saklatvala, and the crack in the trade unionist movement which everyone knows is there might have widened into one of those geological faults which magnify a tremor into a destructive earthquake.

* *

Despite an unusually heavy dilution of talk for talking's sake, the week has not been unprofitable. Thanks to the whole-hearted advocacy of the Home Secretary, the reform of our newspaper reports of matrimonial cases is now assured. If the Bill which got its second reading last Friday gets through Committee, newspaper reports of these cases will be limited to the names of the parties and witnesses, points of law, and the judge's summing up—to the great advantage not only, or so much, of the young person as of the innocent and injured parties and incidentally of reputable journalism.

* *

On Wednesday the unpromising subject of the Army Annual Bill was the occasion of a most interesting little debate on the nature and cause of

cowardice and courage. The war has taught us to discuss these matters without cant, and though the abolition of capital punishment in the Army for cowardice was successfully resisted we all know that the line between heroism and cowardice can be a very fine one. After Major Hill's speech few remained in doubt that the death penalty sooner or later is going the way of flogging in the Army. We have tired ourselves, and probably the public, since the holidays, but not all the time has been wasted.

SECOND CITIZEN

THE NEW LUXEMBOURG

BY ERNEST DIMNET

A REARRANGEMENT of the Luxembourg Gallery was inevitable. M. Bénédict died almost a year ago and his successor, M. Charles Masson, was confronted with rooms which had not been repainted since 1886, the general arrangement of which dated almost from the same period. Gradually the Luxembourg had become a sort of ante-chamber of the Louvre and, as it grew richer, something intermediary between a gallery and a store-room. A year or two ago, missing the 'Woman With the Jar,' by Joseph Bail, I questioned the custodian. The answer was: "M. Milliès-Lacroix, Chairman of the Finance Commission in the Senate, likes the picture and has had it removed to his office." The abduction would have been praiseworthy had the disappearance given a chance to a good specimen of the new school, but there were more Bails up in the garret, and one of them was simply substituted. Carrière was in the Luxembourg, of course, and Gustave Moreau got in when he was unexpectedly appointed to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and the Caillebotte legacy filled a little room with Manets, Monets, Sisleys and Pissarros; but I verily believe the only picture of the rising generation that wriggled itself into the gallery proper was Maurice Denis's 'Annunciation,' which the custodians openly derided. So the rehandling was inevitable and it was no less inevitable that it should be in the direction of modernism. Remember that less than fifteen years ago the hanging of Manet's famous nude opposite a similar masterpiece by Ingres in the Louvre created a scandal. Now, quite recently Seurat's 'Circus' was bequeathed to the Louvre by an American, Mr. John Quinn, and the applause was universal. Another sure sign was the extraordinary success during the present winter of the retrospective exhibition of the Independents. Not only advanced critics like André Salmon or Florent Fels, but the rearguard of contributors to the *Temps* or the *Journal des Débats* were heard to allude to Cézanne as if he were a classic. A contrast to what men of forty-five or fifty can remember!

The Luxembourg has just been reopened, the first day to an extraordinary crowd of cackling aristocracy or strutting literature, with here and there the usual little knots of whispering professionals who never seem at home in a museum where their own works may be hung. Well, it is virtually a new gallery. The sculpture hall at the entrance still has a conventional look—all the Rodins, except the bust of Puvis de Chavannes, have gone—and even Gérôme is still there. There is nothing recalling the freshness and boldness of an artist like Mestrovic. But you can see that these statues are only here because the hall is comparatively large and must be filled. The real intentions of M. Masson appear the moment you step into what is the Salon Carré of the Luxembourg. In the middle of the room, straining his gilt bronze muscles at his

bow, almost dismembered in the effort and yet harmonious, barbarous and classical, Bourdelle's 'Heracles' tells you in tones not to be ignored that a new art is now triumphant. All round, the familiar Carolus-Durans, Harpignies, Bonnats, J. P. Laurens, may still be seen smiling or frowning as of old, but you give them the merest look of recognition. The rusty gilt figure is what you turn to before walking further into the smaller rooms.

There again the change is complete. You see at once that the Salon Carré you have just left is there because one stately room is deemed necessary, but the spiritual Salon Carré of the new Luxembourg is Room 4, now displaying the thirty or forty pictures once bequeathed to it by the painter Caillebotte. All the artists that have come since then have stood before Manet's 'Balcony' or Monet's 'Cathedral of Rouen.' Close by, two Bazilles show the direct influence, but in the next rooms the now emboldened and not infrequently defiant or even cantankerous descendants of the great Impressionists, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Waroquier, Oufy, Favory, Luce, Madame Marval, have taken possession and will not be dislodged—a phase of the development of French art which still rather startles us, and still revels a little too loudly in its own triumph. Van Dougen's 'Neptune,' a Mardi Gras Neptune with a queer carnival expression, emphasizes this Saturnalian characteristic. But this will not last long. Pictures change, not only from exposure, but from being gazed at and from hearing comments of all kinds. In two or three years the new Luxembourg will be the Luxembourg once more.

In the meantime, what I heard most often as I edged my way on through the crowd was surprise and mystification. "Decadence!" was every now and then the verdict. A lady, a real one, wearing the fashions of 1905, with the air of a princess, examined the more Bolshevik pictures at close range with her lorgnette, and every time turned away in disgust. "Where is our old Luxembourg?" was another remark. Probably what these discontented people objected to more than anything else was the general appearance of the rooms. A modern picture in a good light will often fill the eye. Twenty pictures treated in the same spirit in one room produce a dry and crude effect which used never to be experienced in public galleries. Only one old gentleman, apparently a magistrate, said what we ought all to think: our eye has to be educated over again.

SONNET

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

FOR still in the spirit are hidden places
Where none will adventure, fearing the
snake
That twines at the root of the world, or smooth
grasses
Where glitter white feet that no dances will
slake
Of their desire for flight over the old hills
Where he pipes on his reed who snatches man
Out of content to toss down the roaring sills
Of the first music into the dark heart of Pan.
Or there is a peace in the blood, not your peace
Of life twixt Esau's hands and Jacob's voice
Bemused, but the terrible bright unsure peace
Of the whirlpool's waters held in equipoise.
And if I plunge into the black water, not caring,
Will there be no sea-horns—ere I drown, to be
hearing?

CONSERVATISM TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

[We publish below a reply from a Liberal M.P. to the recent series of articles under this heading by a number of the younger Conservative Members of the House.—ED. S.R.]

A VERY interesting series of articles has been appearing in the SATURDAY REVIEW written by six of the leading Conservative Members of Parliament of the younger school. On the industrial side, if we leave out Protection, these Tory democrats expound a policy differing little from that of the Liberals and especially from the Liberals of the Right Wing. The Radicals are prepared to nationalize certain public utilities and monopolies, especially if it were part of a bargain with the Right Wing of the Labour Party. But how near the policy expounded by Mr. Baldwin on some of the great questions of the day is to that of the Liberals is shown by the support for the Electricity Bill given in the same debate by Mr. Lloyd George. We can trace a chain through present-day politics with the parties overlapping, and with the space between the links invisible. Thus Colonel Gretton to Sir Henry Page-Croft, to Sir Fredrick Wise, to Mr. Baldwin, to Mr. Oliver Stanley, to Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, to Captain Guest, to Sir Archibald Sinclair, to Mr. Runciman, to Captain Wedgwood Benn, to Mr. William Graham, to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to Captain Dalton, to Mr. Hayes, to Mr. Lansbury, to Mr. Maxton, form a complete chain and no one could pick out a space between the links and say, "Here is the end of one school of thought and here the beginning of the other." The line forms an indivisible whole from right to left and many combinations are possible between its several parts. And yet in the Conservative Party itself is this distinct cleavage of ideas. In fact, the real cleavage in politics to-day runs through all parties. It is manifest in the Liberal and Labour Parties no less than in the Conservative Party. It is the old struggle between individualism and collectivism. Many of the Conservatives eschew nationalization but a section of them favours a large measure of public control. These young Conservatives, the progressives, realize that it is idle to shout private enterprise as a battle-cry when coal, electricity and the railways are subject, or about to be subject, to public control. These three great factors in our economic life have known little else but Government interference since the Armistice. The great Railway Bill of Sir Eric Geddes under the Coalition Government forced amalgamation, into four great groups, on the Railway Companies. And the curious aspect of the Debate on that Bill, especially in Committee, was the insistence of the Scots, led by Sir George Younger, as he then was, on their railways coming into the amalgamation of the English lines. At the back of the Conservative opposition to the Electricity Bill was the feeling that it was but an instalment; and that further steps in the direction of public control would be forced upon the Conservative Government of to-morrow.

As for modern Internationalism as represented in the League of Nations, a few voices cry in the wilderness in favour of a return to the policy of splendid isolation and nationalism in each of the three parties. There are Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists who demand a cutting adrift from the welter of Europe. Another remarkable and recent change in the Conservative Party is the criticism of service members such as Air-Marshal Sir Frederick Sykes and Admiral Murray Sueter against extravagances in the fighting services. The demand for a Ministry of Defence comes perhaps most strongly from the Conservatives with whom, to

be fair, the idea originated. And yet the setting up of a Ministry of Defence will bring the Conservative Party into conflict with the departmental chiefs of each of the three fighting services.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes. So I throw out the following suggestion with trepidation, though it is not made with any ulterior party motive. If the Conservative Party desires to maintain its hold in the country, let modern Tories follow the example of their political ancestors after the Napoleonic Wars. Europe was then exhausted, as was England. We were heavily in debt and the people desired peace above all things. The Tories of that day realized that the greatest need of their country was to put its finances in order. They deliberately gambled on some decades of peace unbroken by a first-class war. Expenditure in all directions, and especially on the fighting services, was cut down to the utmost. The Army and the Navy were reduced to the bone. And we were justified by events. There was no great campaign from the close of the Napoleonic Wars to the outbreak of the Crimean War. The finances and trade of the country recovered. We went through the "Hungry Forties," but they would have been the "Revolutionary Forties" if the country squires who manned the Conservative Party of the day had not insisted on the retrenchment and economies actually carried out.

There is a great crusade in front of the visionaries of the Conservative Party if they care to embark on it. Whatever reforms or economies are attempted, vested interests will rise and smite at them. The Electricity Bill and presently the legislation concerning the coal-pits are examples. The Corporations are strongly entrenched and determined to fight. There are plenty of the old type Die-hards and the new type class-conscious captains of industry ready to lay ambushes, to raid, to form caves and to revolt. They are, perhaps, stronger outside Parliament than inside. Further examples of what I mean are the long overdue Factories Act and the carrying out of international Labour Conventions, such as the Eight-Hour Day. Demands for piecemeal protection are clamorous and continuous. If the Oppositions in Parliament are weak in numbers, and perhaps, in the view of enthusiastic youths in the Conservative Party, weak in ability, there is a deadlier opposition in their own party and their own order.

And if Mr. Baldwin and his supporters find the forces too strong for them unaided they will find Allies in the other parties. I believe a call for a non-party settlement of some of the great questions of the day would not fall on deaf ears. A Round Table Party Political Conference on Coal might well be tried before putting the issue to the hazard of a great strike. The setting up of a Ministry of Defence that would be something more than a name can, I believe, only be accomplished by agreements between the three parties, or rather between those in the three parties who agree with it. If we have not become too hardened to the sight of over a million work-people registered as unemployed in the country, in addition to those unregistered or working short time, could we not consider a non-party solution of this most terrible of present-day evils? Must we rule out altogether the possibility of a great reconstructional loan floated internally among the investing public, rich and poor alike, on the lines of the War Loans and the Victory Bonds? With £200,000,000 raised in this way, without extra taxation or inflation, we could improve our roads, canals, harbours and bridges, electrify our railways, plant our hillsides with trees, drain our marshes and reclaim valuable land from the sea. This would be capital expenditure increasing the commonwealth of the whole nation and saving the million or so pounds a week at present expended in unemployment and poor law relief. And it would save the greater waste of human strength, skill and morale, unavoidable when men, and especially young men, are forced into unwilling idleness.

IDEAS IN APRIL

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

LOOKING back at this last week-end, which I spent with friends in their country house, I find myself possessed by a most curious sensation. The visit was an experience with a quality of its own, but I cannot even begin to disengage, to define that quality: I can only relate what happened. We had April weather, that is, hours of full June interspersed with cold intervals of wind and rain, fierce backward lashes from the tail of old Winter. I would find myself idling in the garden, watching the old stone walls and roofs coming to life, flushed with delicate pink, in the sunlight; or I would be sent, out through the orchard starred with blossom, to the meadow beyond to pick cowslips from under the hedge and water-cresses from the hollow of the little stream. I was a man loitering through a miracle, casually arriving by the five-thirty-five to see the water of the world turned into wine. But there were also, as I have said, hours of rain and cold wind, and then I would find myself crouching over a fire and indulging, like every confirmed reader, in dips into my host's books. The ones nearest to hand chanced to be popular scientific works, expositions, largely for the benefit of the general reader, of various new theories in biology, physiology, psychology, and the like. One or two I read through, and the others I glanced at, and most of the time I spent indoors was passed in this fashion. And here, too, you may say, were miracles, but they were very different from that enduring one of colour, scent and sound that was taking place out of doors. There was piquancy in the contrast, and in that between my two states of mind.

As these authors were expositors rather than genuine creators of new knowledge, they had the unattractive manner we have learned to associate with their tribe, an arrogance, a lack of humour, an irritating cocksureness. Great scientists are men it is difficult not to admire, even to feel an affection for, if only because their vast learning is supported by an engaging, almost boyish, mixture of enthusiasm and diffidence; they do not wave away contemptuously other people's preoccupations, for which they have had no time, but regard them rather admiringly and wistfully; they have imagination and tenderness and an unsleeping sense of the wonder and mystery of this life. Even if you should think their discoveries so much mischievous moonshine, you would still find yourself compelled to revere them as characters: they are, perhaps, our modern saints. But little scientists commonly display none of these traits, and are too often bragging drunk with knowledge, so that you may see them battering life into the shape that appeals to them, riding rough-shod over other people's minds. All the gentlemen whose fierce manifestos I read this last week-end, in between the garden and the meadow as it were, belonged to this rough-riding school. Even the persons who find the matter of these books attractive must, I imagine, dislike the manner, unless they have a secret passion for being bullied, accounting the hours they devote to learning ill-spent unless they can find hoof-marks all over their minds. For my own part, I found the matter of these books neither

attractive nor profoundly disturbing, but simply rather droll.

There are, I suppose, three common attitudes towards such new knowledge. There is, first, the large class of persons that only acquire knowledge, ideas, early in life, and after that, having little or no intellectual curiosity, regard all new discoveries and theories as so much play or wild gibbering, of less importance than politics in Guatemala or a new way of painting the Parisian face. Then there are the people who run from one new theory to another, from William James to Bergson, Bergson to Croce, and so forth, who may be seen lapping up Vitalism or Relativity or Psycho-Analysis or Behaviourism with equal enthusiasm, who believe that the latest 'ism will remould life and that the fashionable theorist alone will save the world. They contrive to turn science and philosophy into milliners' shops, where they can always be discovered feverishly trying on the last theory. It is very doubtful if these people ever apply the new knowledge they acquire to life at all, if they ever see its implications. The third type of mind always does this, and recoils in horror from what it sees. This type must not be confused with the first, from which it differs because it has genuine intellectual curiosity and cannot ignore the challenge of a new idea. But these people apply it to life, not its implications, with fatal (and quite unnecessary) thoroughness; they see it eating its way like acid through the fair garment of this world, disenchanting life at a touch. Before this vile inhuman notion of things made its appearance, everything was warm, comfortable, human, full of friendliness and touched with beauty; but now, unless it is immediately and passionately refuted, all is lost; there are anarchists in the cellar and a tiger on the hearth rug. So as they argue and denounce, there is anger in their voices and the mingled light and shadow of courage and despair in their eyes, for they are men fighting for their homes, the old comfortable world they have come to know and love.

Being something of an odd mixture, I have long wavered between these two opposed attitudes, one part of my mind playing the cheerful curious busy-bodies among new ideas, the other part deeply resenting their chill intrusion, their corroding touch. But these two parts, having to live together, are gradually settling down to compose an attitude different from either of the previous ones, an attitude compounded of curiosity and an easy scepticism. The theorists I was reading this last week-end were all wedded, with no possibility of divorce, to various mechanistic theories of human life. They offered me endocrine glands, reflex action, and what not; they swept away consciousness, reason, mind; and all this and more they did with passion and enthusiasm. There was a time when such theorists, coming in to spoil everything, would have been infinitely disturbing, and I should have been awake all night furiously refuting them. But coming upon them the other day, when rain and a sudden iced wind would drive me from the lovely old pageant out of doors (and this loveliness—is it there in the things themselves, or is it only in my mind, or do we compose it between us? Who can say?), I found these grim scientific gentlemen at once rather touching and droll. The enthusiasm with which these

mechanisms addressed their fellow mechanisms, the passion for truth revealed by these assembled glands, these automata of "behaviour," the ardour with which these machines displayed their wheels and springs—is there not something touching and droll here?

Novelists and dramatists with a sense of irony should try their hand at comedies in which savants are the only characters and the clash of ideas supplies the action. There is no lack of material. Thus, I noticed the other day a controversy between a psychologist and a philosopher (though it is possible that they both called themselves psychologists or both philosophers, for all I know), the argument turning on the nature of the mind. The psychologist declared that all idea of sovereign reason was ridiculous and that we were entirely at the mercy of our instincts. But he said this regretfully, as if it was only because his unbiased judgment told him that such were the facts that he was taking up such an unpleasant position. On the other hand, the philosopher angrily protested that reason should and could govern our minds, and pointed out the distasteful consequences of the psychologist's theory, which seemed to him revolting. Thus, each of these learned gentlemen contrived to prove before he had done that the other was in the right, and I offer this as material for at least one capital little scene to any author who should attempt an April comedy of ideas.

MUSIC AND THE FILM

BY THE MUSIC CRITIC

THE recent production of the 'Rosenkavalier' film was, from the æsthetic point of view, so discreditable to everyone concerned that it is not worth the powder and shot of extended criticism. However, as it has been made the occasion for the discussion of the possibilities of a union between the cinematograph and serious music, and has even been hailed by some unthinking people as an important step towards the creation of a new art-form, this sordid and unintelligent perversion of a great comedy will serve as the text for a short consideration of the larger question. I shall therefore leave out of account altogether the complete destruction, which von Hofmannsthal's story has quite unnecessarily undergone, presumably in the interests of film-audiences who are apparently assumed to be devoid of any intelligence and of any power to appreciate the very slightest subtlety in the characters or motives of their fellow human beings.

The first thing that was proved by this film was the impossibility of transferring a work of art from one medium to another without remodelling the material entirely from beginning to end. That is an axiom the truth of which would have been self-evident to anyone who did not live in the queer, false world of film-land. The story was, of course, remodelled—in most respects, as I have said, unnecessarily. But it was never viewed from the new angle of the requirements made by the peculiar technique of a film combined with music. And the resulting monster, which was on so low a level of morality and intelligence as to deserve the name of *cretin*, is solemnly presented to us as a new art in its bouncing infancy under the name of Film-opera. It was, of course, nothing of the sort. For an opera is a drama carried on by means of words and music; and a film is a drama carried on without the use of words, except in the form of captions. And it seems to be an accepted canon of film-criticism that the fewer captions there are, the better the film. It

is quite useless to present a drama, intended to be sung by actors on the stage, without the voices and claim that a new art has been created.

So much for the axioms. But less obvious considerations make it necessary that, if the film-with-music is to be developed into an art-form comparable with the opera or the ballet, the position should be reviewed from the beginning and that the new art should not be based upon easy analogies drawn from existing forms. There are three elements, which contribute to our enjoyment of an opera or ballet, the work itself—that is to say the music and action, with or without words—the physical presence of the actors and of the scenery and the physical presence of our fellow-men in the audience. This last element, distracting though it may be in many instances, has a far greater influence on our enjoyment and our critical judgment than we realize consciously. It is the absence of these last two elements which will always make listening to performances by wireless apparatus or on the gramophone, even supposing that reproduction is brought to absolute perfection, less satisfying than listening to the same thing in a theatre or a concert-hall. In the presence of the audience and, more important, of the performers we are keyed up to a higher pitch of expectancy and are the more prepared to re-act to the music or the drama. Although in the picture-house the last element is there, the second is not. A photograph of Michael Bohnen acting the part of Ochs, even if it were coloured to the life and projected in three dimensions, can never be the same thing as his physical presence on the stage before us. The very knowledge that it is only a reproduction of his outward appearance has a psychological effect upon us, and there are wanting, in addition, all those impalpable factors of personality which must evaporate to a great extent from a reproduction.

It is partly for this reason, and not merely because the producers and exhibitors of films will not trust their audiences, that the cinematograph cannot convey to us fully those subtleties of character and human motive which enrich the broad lines of the great dramatic masterpieces. Combined with the absence of words, this is the film's great handicap. For it is impossible on the screen to produce the effect of such things as the famous scene where Millamant and Mirabell lay down the conditions of their marriage or the final scene in 'Der Rosenkavalier.' Opera has a similar handicap, which is overcome by the use of music. For, while it is frankly impossible to set to music as it stands Othello's speech beginning "O thou weed . . .," or "It is the cause . . .," Verdi's music does in its own way manage to produce the same emotional effect as Shakespeare's verse. 'Tristan' is full of instances of the same kind of effect attained by the music, where a dramatist would use poetic speech. But the film has not yet evolved any means of conveying to us either poetry, subtlety or wit.

Allowing for the physical absence of the actors, the film-with-music has the character of ballet or pantomime. This in itself is a restricted medium, which has produced many delightful works, but few real masterpieces. There is no fundamental reason why the film should not give us a 'Petrouchka,' but there is every reason why it cannot give us a 'Tristan' or a 'Figaro.' But at present the film is generally too much concerned with detailed realism, and too seldom gives us fantasy. There have been exceptions, such as 'Destiny,' and, in its unpleasant way, 'Dr. Caligari.' And it is in this field that one might expect Englishmen to compete, for we have in our literature an almost unique vein of fantasy, which would be hard to realize on the stage, but which is the very stuff that good films might be made of. And to add music to such themes would be a worthy task for composers. The music would have to be written in close conjunction with the actual production of the

film, and it would seem that anything in the nature of an attempt to illustrate action in detail would have to be ruled out, on account of the excessive difficulties of synchronization. The ballets in 'Der Rosenkavalier,' with the dancers moving in one rhythm and the music in another, were irritating in the extreme, and there were very few moments in the whole film which really fitted the music. But, before a satisfactory film-with-music can be produced, a new attitude must be adopted in the industry and a desire to raise the standard of intelligence in the audience must take the place of the present practice of assuming that it possesses none at all.

ART

SELECTED GALLERIES

By ANTHONY BERTRAM

IF the SATURDAY REVIEW had appeared every day last week and devoted most of its space to art, there would have been some prospect of dealing adequately with the spring outburst of exhibitions. I do not, for myself, seriously wish that it had; I do not wish it for my readers either, for that matter. If they, like me, had been confronted in these last wet days with twenty-six exhibitions, they would feel that the greatest kindness which they could do a fellow mortal would be to make a selection. These, then, as the tipster says, are my selections for the present week.

The exhibition of drawings by H. Gaudier Brzesca at the *Brook Street Art Gallery* is closing early next week; it should not be missed. Brzesca was a draughtsman of great genius; even those, if there are such, who feel that he fails to "get through" entirely, cannot fail to recognize the presence of that keen and original vision which is the essence of genius. In these drawings—scraps, many of them, scribbled at a street corner—swift characterization is brought to an edge which nobody has surpassed; line, pure, certain and nervous, expresses all that line can and more than the whole paraphernalia of paintbox and perspective do in the hands of most artists. An exquisitely true and subtle torso reminds one that Brzesca was also a sculptor of rare ability.

The *New English Art Club* hold their seventy-third annual exhibition at *Spring Gardens Gallery* by the Admiralty Arch. On the whole the show is disappointing; one grows somewhat weary of its atmosphere of pallid "second-handness." But there are exceptions. Two tendencies are particularly remarkable: the first, a following of Impressionism, under the leadership of Mr. Wilson Steer; the second, a kind of Dickensian *grotesquerie*, under whose leadership I am not quite certain: is it perhaps that of Sir William Orpen in such pictures as 'The Kaiser Enters Paris,' which was exhibited last year at the *Chenil Galleries*? Of the former group, Mr. Steer himself is the only one to whom I wish to draw particular attention; not that it should be necessary to do so, since Mr. Steer is the greatest of living English artists, if Mr. Sickert isn't. 'Towards the Light' is a beautiful example of his work. The sky seems transparent on the canvas, and the distance "goes away" with a certainty which only a supreme master of tone values could equal. There are three other hardly less wonderful Steers. In the forefront of the *grotesquerie* group is Mr. J. K. Kirby, whose 'Mitcham Fair' and 'The Boxing Booth' are not only admirable compositions but have a Hogarthian delight. If it is objected that they are caricatures of life, idealizations, then so they are, but no more and no less than Falstaff and Micawber and the Idle Apprentice. Miss Margaret D. Nicholson's 'Vanity Fair' is another clever exercise

in this manner; and so is Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones's 'West-end Amusement Park.' I am in some difficulty about Mr. Gwynne-Jones. This picture is enormously likeable; his two elaborate drawings, 'Study of Apple Trees' and 'Study for a Painting,' give one very considerable pleasure; they are little masterpieces of technique which convey emotion by their sincerity to beautiful and homely things; but then, alas, there are two water-colours, 'September Morning' and 'Morning After Rain,' which are, to my mind at least, utterly negligible. Certainly Mr. Gwynne-Jones has a very great talent; I am a little uncertain what he has to say with it. Talent such as this baffles one, and it is better to wait and see before being dogmatic. Miss Elspeth A. Little's 'The Travelling Show' is an intriguing picture, not only in its comment, but in the original and brilliantly carried out S of the design. The spirit of fun actuating the whole picture fully pardons its eccentricity of composition; this is a piece of creative work at which the most ardent camera fiend among our critics can hardly take umbrage. But why, one wonders, does this school so persistently go to fairs for its material? There are as queer things in every street. This promising new outlook—it is not, of course, really new—must not be narrowed to special subjects. It is a way of approach applicable to all life, as, in fact, Dickens applied it. Outside the Steer and Dickensian groups the work is less interesting, with the exception of Sir Charles Holmes's 'Bulb Farm'; Mr. Mark Gertler's self-portrait in a scheme of colour new to this distinguished painter; Mr. R. D. Greenham's 'Snow in Dulwich'; Miss Francis Dodd's 'S. Isabel Dacre,' and one or two others.

I should like to have more space in which to write of Miss Nina Hammet's exhibition at the *Claridge Gallery*, 52 Brook Street. Miss Hammet's work is familiar to those who have been at all in touch with modern art, though I do not think that she has had a show for some time. There are probably few portrait painters alive with a surer gift for seizing a likeness and committing it to canvas with a touch of personal emphasis—Dickensian again. I know several of the sitters whose portraits are in the present exhibition, and I can therefore vouch for the fidelity of Miss Hammet as a portraitist. But this is not all; she never allows the demands of the "trade" to interfere with the design which she is out to create and by which she expresses herself through her sitters. Her work is eminently satisfactory in bringing off that difficult reconciliation between the outer and the inner realities which the portrait painter always has to face.

I must confess that until I went to the *Mayor Gallery*, 37 Sackville Street, this week, I had never cared for the work of Mr. Matthew Smith. I am not sure that I care for it now, but I rather suspect that I ought to. In other words, Mr. Smith makes no bid for our love, but he does make a considerable effort to earn our respectful admiration; and he succeeds. These rich and lustrous canvases, glowing from the walls like vast Limoges enamels, heavy with the sense of form and colour, bound together with a relentless and powerful rhythm, demand that we shall look at them and be ashamed about some of the pleasant things that have taken us in before. Here is a fine vigour, almost amounting to brutality, like the art of Rabelais and Fielding and Shakespeare; here is a thundering of colour which rolls over our senses like some rich and sombre passage from Beethoven; here in fact is a painter who does not belong to the category of those mighty ones to whom I have compared him, but who is of their company. It was not kind of Mr. Mayor to hang him at the same time as Mr. Michael Sevier, who, even in the next room, is put badly out of countenance by his roystering neighbour. Yet Mr. Sevier is a delicate and sensitive draughtsman who deserves a better fate. It is well to look at his work first if possible.

(A list of other Exhibitions will be found on page 540.)

THE THEATRE

THREE KINDS OF PLAYBOY

BY IVOR BROWN

Autumn Fire. By T. C. Murray. The Little Theatre.
This Woman Business. By Ben W. Levy. The Haymarket.
Hamlet. (In Italian.) The Globe Theatre.

MR. T. C. MURRAY'S name has remained in my mind since I first saw the Irish Players fifteen years ago. Occasionally, during the interval, I wondered whether the dramatists who served that movement were only the comets of a season; were plays like 'Birthright' and 'Maurice Harte' only lifted into a spurious greatness by the leverage of the most vivid acting I had ever seen? Now with 'Autumn Fire' Mr. Murray has come back and I know that he was not unduly honoured. In the case of the Irish Players the written aided the spoken word just as much as actor ever aided author: and it does so still. 'Autumn Fire' is the work of a fine, discriminating mind and is provocative of an equal fineness in the playing of it. I knew, for instance, that Miss Una O'Connor could put a stamp of truth on the common currency of stage Irish. Mr. Murray's play gave her the chance to drive deeper and the result is a realism as piercing as ever came out of Dublin in the days gone by.

The land is diligently raked for muck by our up-to-date writers. Thatched houses are made to cover multitudes of sins and the husbandman bestrides a corrupted village like some Caligula in corduroys. To judge by one or two of our modern novelists no vice can be too complex for the simple life, and if I mention the fact that 'Autumn Fire' brings Phædra into the farmyard, it may be imagined that Mr. Eugene O'Neill has met his match in pastoral-pathological. Fortunately Mr. Murray is not a competitor in this campaign. He goes delicately to work, neither mapping out a school-girl's Arcady nor befouling the land for the benefit of chuckling high-brows, and his play need offend nobody while it should hold the attention of all.

His tale is of Owen Keegan, a play-boy farmer who determined to fight time as Canute defied the waves. He was not going to be too old at forty or at fifty either, and the sports of the village lads were a challenge to his grey hairs and stiffening frame. Owen resolved to enjoy as saltatory a middle age as ever do any of those fabulous bald-pates who leap across our news-sheets in an orgy of saline slogans. Then came Nance Desmond back from the town life, a fine girl and gay, used to the dressmaking and full of smart milliner's notions about life. For Owen, a widower twice her age, she was not the obvious match. There was Ellen, his daughter, with a jealous eye and a rasping tongue; there was Michael, his son, a decent sort of lad, who would gladly have taken Nance for himself. But Owen wedded Nance in the blaze of his autumn fire. An accident brought winter upon him and how could Michael and Nance keep all glances from each other, for they were a spring-time pair? There was no guilt, but there was cause for wondering and brooding.

The play ends in tranquil tragedy. Comparisons between Mr. Murray and Mr. O'Casey are unhelpful. The latter's art is of emphasis, the former's of suggestion. Mr. O'Casey parades the extremities of human frailty; his vitality is Elizabethan. Mr. Murray deals, more modernly, in moderate cases. The trouble at Keegan's farm was not caused by the practitioners of sin, but by the victims of circumstance. He steers between Arcadian sentiment and the midden heap of the anti-pastoral moderns. Consequently he gives his players a chance to escape from attitudes to essentials. Mr. Wilfred Shine, as the withered playboy, gives a

firm and full portrait of the disillusioned spirit in the temple that has failed its need. Of Miss O'Connor's acting as the embittered daughter Ellen, I have already spoken; it is a triumph of quietism and of a wise refusal to exaggerate. Miss Cathleen Drago, as the young wife, is also admirable. Indeed the whole company is as excellently untheatrical as the writing of the play itself.

Mr. Levy's comedy at the Haymarket reveals the dramatist as play-boy flourishing the rattle of his own verbosity. The plot is pure "theatre." Five misogynists, who lack work but not money, go into stylish conversational retreat with a millionaire called Hodges. Having immured themselves against invasive woman, they are immediately invaded. Enter, in short, Miss Fay Compton, as a runaway typist of noble birth; exit, quite shortly, the self-denying ordinance of the rusticating males. It only remains to see which of the five the lady will choose and she naturally picks the most bearish, who also happens to be the millionaire. Thus recounted Mr. Levy's play sounds appalling. Thus recounted 'Much Ado About Nothing' would sound equally sorry stuff. Mr. Levy has a sharp nib to his pen and can write incisive dialogue. Mr. Frederic Harrison has a sharp eye to his head and can cast and mount a play to perfection. So, up to a point, Mr. Levy's joke comes off. The gentry who go into retreat, handsomely housed according to Mr. Aubrey Hammond's nice notions of rural luxury, come alive in the limelight. Mr. Quartermaine, unfortunately, has little to do but growl as the hunted host of Miss Fay Compton, who fills an equally insubstantial rôle with her agreeable personality.

Mr. Levy's play, violently artificial in most things, is life-like in its distribution of parts. There are no fat parts and no scraggy ones; the misogynists all have their status and their say. For once in my life I found Mr. O. B. Clarence tiresome; he has to impersonate a senile judge and he makes the decay take the form of an interminable chuckle. Meet is it that in our tablets we set it down that a man can smile and smile and be a bore. Mr. Clifford Mollison is deliciously airy as an impudent poet, but the bulk of the entertainment lies with Mr. Bromley Davenport and Mr. Sebastian Smith. The former, as an explorer reduced to clock-golf and the writing of memoirs, and the latter, as a pompous little suburban, give a wonderful exhibition of mutual exasperation.

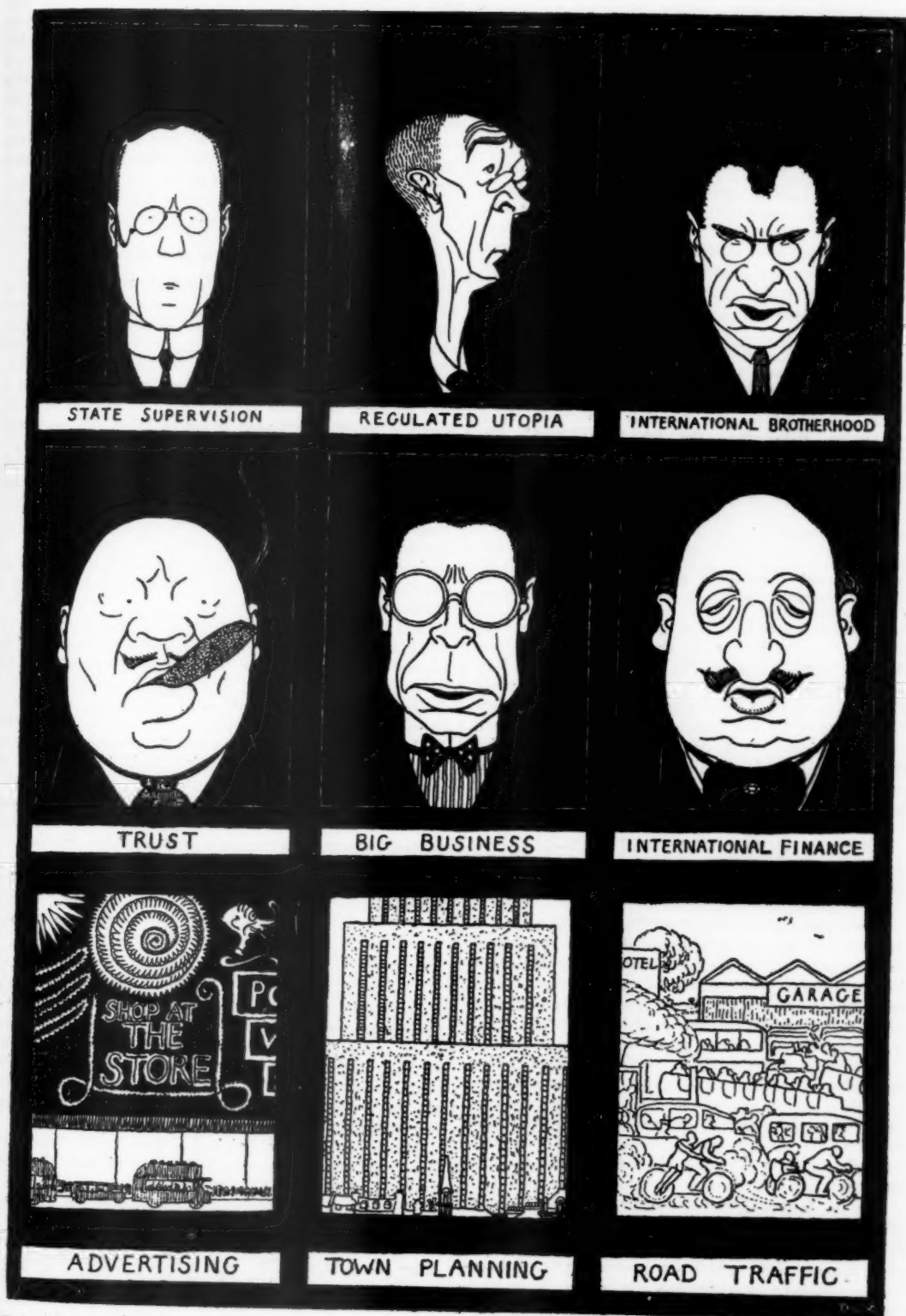
The Italian actor, Signor Ruggero Ruggeri, has brought to the Globe Theatre a naive production of 'Hamlet,' to which he himself contributes a most exciting centrepiece. Nature stamped this actor for his craft. His expression is as quick and variable as the spring weather. After watching him for a whole evening I would not have expected to recognize him in the street. This Hamlet, upon whose face clouds gathered so momentarily and were so sunnily dispersed by the sudden radiance of thought, had something of all human attributes. But particularly he was a mental play-boy, gambolling in response to any antic of the mind. A brave notion of the poet's would drive the Prince into the full felicity of speculation. Despite the willingness to be lavish with tears and indeed to be quite wantonly a mourner over Ophelia's grave, this was a Hamlet with a light in his eyes. Signor Ruggeri's Prince would have done well at Wittenberg, at least in the sense that he would have plucked the beard of old philosophy and talked the morning in with young company on wisdom bent. But there are the other qualities as well; thus, if Signor Ruggeri is particularly the Hamlet of the college quadrangle, he is in general the Hamlet of everyman. As an actor he has plasticity and profundity and out-tops his company beyond description. But they are mostly weak Shakespeareans and so monstrously habited as to suggest family charades. One should not visit the Globe for team-work in this Hamlet. But the hero as individual is abundantly on view.

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Dramatis Personae. No. 200

By 'Quiz'

SOME THINGS 'QUIZ' WOULD LIKE MR. CHURCHILL TO
TAX FEROCIOUSLY

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—10

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best sonnet to Shakespeare, as by Mr. W. H., rejecting the advice addressed to him in Shakespeare's Sonnets (to marry and beget children). Wit is acceptable, but not to the exclusion of poetry.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best fragment, not exceeding five hundred words, of a novel in the ultra-subjective manner written from the point of view of a goldfish. Syntax is optional, and for the purposes of this competition the goldfish may be endowed with as much rational capacity as the subject of such a novel usually possesses.

RULES

The following rules must be observed by all competitors:

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 10A, or LITERARY 10n).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, May 3, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. The Editor very much regrets that neither he nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors. Despite the fact that this notice is published every week, letters continue to reach us. These cannot be published or answered.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 8

(April 10, 1926)

SET BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best parable or fable in the manner of *Æsop*, *Lafontaine* or the other fabulists, drawing the moral of either the recent Geneva Conference or the Boat Race. Ingenuity of invention and style in the telling of the story are more likely to win the prize than good morals.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best epigram on a musical subject, such as the state of opera in England, of modern music in France, of ukulele-playing in Honolulu, and so on ad infinitum. Again more marks will be won by wit than by erudition, and although no limit of length or of form is set, epic poets will be disqualified. Limericks are not barred, but will be subjected to a handicap.

We have received the following report from Mr. Dyneley Hussey, with which we concur, and we therefore have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. DYNELEY HUSSEY

8A. The entries for this competition were disappointing. All, except two, were concerned with the Geneva Conference, and neither of the fables about the Boat Race was in the running for the prize. Miss M. R. Williamson, who sent in the better of these two, handicapped herself with a verse form of which she is not master, and drew an excellent moral which, however, did not follow from her premises. Among the

rest, dealing with the Geneva Conference, four stood out. Some competitors seemed to think that it was only necessary to give a bald account of recent happenings with animals substituted for the actual persons or nations concerned. The first prize goes to Mr. Lester Ralph for a fable which is both pointed and well told; the second to Mrs. A. M. Turner, who manages to pack a great deal into a small space and has caught the true fabulist manner. Miss Lucy Lancaster's effort is a good third and Bébé is also commended for an excellent fable, though I am dense enough not to see the point of it.

THE WINNING ENTRY

THE PARLIAMENT OF FOWLS

And so the birds met again in Council; but not all of them. One of the biggest, for instance, had such revolting ways and looked so dreadfully like a bear, that the rest were rather glad that he never accepted their invitations; while another, the biggest of all, was so busy feathering his own nest with what he had plucked from his friends that he stayed at home, albeit a most unpleasant draught from his immediate west was constantly ruffling up his golden plumage.

But the Cock was very much there, with the Cockerel perched permanently beside him; and with these was a bird that was doing his best to look like a Roman Standard. More or less impermanently clinging to olive branches fluttered various other fowl. In their midst sat an old philo-gallic Lion, with his claws carefully pared and roaring like any sucking dove to show his excellent intentions.

And there they crowed and chattered, till the air was filled with din, as to whether a certain dilapidated but highly industrious eagle, with whom most of them had been in recent conflict, should be admitted to their deliberations; while that astute creature, in a gilded cage just outside the ring, sat sardonically observant. And one part was in favour of admitting him only, and thus retaining the ornithological nature of the assembly, but another was all for turning the aviary into a menagerie by the inclusion of first one strange beast and then another. Till at last a Brazil nut unexpectedly stuck in someone's crop, and the meeting was adjourned.

This teaches us (Englishmen) apparently nothing whatever.

LESTER RALPH

SECOND PRIZE

A certain man bought for himself a fine house, in the courtyard of which was an ancient well. The old brick coping and rusty windlass becoming an eyesore to him, he had them pulled down, girt the well about with a new coping of precious marble, and replaced the worn windlass by one of shining copper with rustless chains.

But when all was finished the well was found to be dry. Subsequent excavations showed that the spring below had shifted.

(MRS.) A. M. TURNER

8B. The epigrams were of a more varied standard than the fables. The best reach a high level and the worst are very bad indeed. Some competitors imagined that any sort of comic verse would do; and syncopated music was condemned in doggerel so halting as to outdo the faults of its subject. With regard to subjects, the majority of competitors did not go outside those mentioned in the original question and too many fell into the snare of writing about the ukelele (as Mr. Nelson will have it spelt), which was only put in "to make it more difficult." Among the things which are hardly epigrammatic and therefore not eligible for prizes, I like Mr. Hugh E. Wright's parody (about whose eligibility he is himself evidently in doubt):

EPIGRAM (?)

Tell in syncopated numbers,
Music's but an empty drum,
Wake the saxophonist's slumbers
By the ukalele's thrum;
Mute the brazen trumpet's calling,
With a cork—but tell me do,
Will, when Whiteman ceases "palling,"
All the Rhapsodies be blue . . ?

Mr. G. E. Hecht provides the only limerick, which might almost have been contributed to Mr. Pope's competition for *non-sequiturs* :

There was a musician called Daly,
Who hated the word "Ukalele."
He said: "If I hear
Someone playing it near,
I'll murder him with my Shillaly!"

Among the true epigrams "Nitchivo's" is excellent and might have gained a prize but for the inversion in the second line :

THE STATE OF OPERA IN ENGLAND

That opera still fails to pay,
A most peculiar paradox is,
When daily from the Press we learn
The great demand for Beecham's boxes.

Out of three efforts, "Minim" scores a hit with his second, but it has not the clinching effect of a true epigram :

MODERN MUSIC

"One word one note."* How the old Greeks had hated
Our modern music slurred and syncopated,
Telling in broken time of broken times
And discord out of wanton-ness created.
[* Greek musical maxim. "Syllable" would be more exact.]

In awarding the prizes I have had great difficulty in deciding between "Adam," Miss M. R. Williamson, Mr. Simpson and "Pendip." Mr. Simpson sends four, two of which are really good. Miss Williamson contributes the following witty quatrain :

Lured by the fatal glamour of the "Ring,"
Two famed musicians touched th' accursed thing.
Foredoomed to failure, Beecham's first knocked out;
Austin, still game, awaits the threatened rout.

The first prize goes to "Pendip" for a brilliant epigram, and the second to "Adam."

THE WINNING ENTRY

ORPHEUS PAST AND PRESENT

In ancient times, when Orpheus played,
The woods his leadership obeyed:
Strange that the modern Orpheus should
Play at the bidding of a Wood.

"PENDIP"

SECOND PRIZE

On reading in the SATURDAY REVIEW that Peacock
Pie was served at Glasgow to the Savoy Orpheans.

Now can we trace the charm our music has,
Knowing that peacock is the food of jazz.
O, for a pie of blackbird, lark or dove,
That music might again be food of love.

"ADAM"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

THE CIVIL SERVICE

SIR,—I notice in your issue of April 17 you discourse on "the very high salaries now paid to some of the higher Civil Service officials," and "the tendency on the part of the Treasury men to leave the service for private and much more lucrative employment in the City." Are not these two suggestions contradictory? If the high salaries did exist, the men would not leave. There is no doubt as to their leaving. Quite recently Sir Alexander Lawrence left the Treasury and now Sir Alfred Cope has left the Customs and Excise—both to do better in private life. These facts rather damage the "very high salaries" theory.

I am, etc.,

CHARLES WATNEY,
Parliamentary and Publicity Officer
Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.1

COVERED BUSES

SIR,—More and more motor-buses with permanent covered-in tops are, I observe, appearing on the London streets. This is rather hard on the thousands of people like myself, who, liking fresh air without draughts, always prefer to sit on the top of a bus, no matter what the weather is like—short of really heavy rain.

I realize that the London General Omnibus Company loses revenue in wet weather because then the uncovered bus-top tends to be deserted. But is there not another way out of the difficulty? Instead of building these solid, permanent covered tops, cannot the L.G.O.C. institute the movable canvas covering such as is used on the motor-coaches that travel to the seaside? In fine weather the covering could be folded down on the wooden hood above the driver's head.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR

THE 'VARSITY BOAT RACE

SIR,—I would go further than your correspondent, Mr. J. M. K. Lupton, with regard to the "bad luck" of the Oxford boat in the collapse of No. 5, and refer to the "bad luck" of No. 5 himself in being placed to do the work of a heavy-weight in a freak blunt-nosed boat with freak oars of an insufficient leverage.

Whereas Cambridge in a fine racing craft, with crew placed according to well-tryed principles, and with oars of sufficient leverage, were able to row like one of the old winning Oxford crews, Oxford, in its "stream-lined" craft, and with heavy-weights lumped in the bow end, were forced, not by coaching but by boat and oars, to row like a losing Cambridge crew during the latter part of last century.

From Dr. Warre's period to the present time Oxford has been the victim of experiments, and these are destroying the old Oxford supremacy over the P.-M. course.

I am, etc.,

C. L. HALES

Temple, E.C.4

TAXATION OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

SIR,—The reason why the Chancellor of the Exchequer is bullying the unfortunate inhabitants of the Channel Islands to pay him taxes is because they have not a Daniel Breen with a revolver to threaten the English politicians.

Ireland does not contribute a penny to the Imperial Exchequer, but Mr. Churchill dare not tax Ireland!

I am, etc.,

H. A. MONTMORENCY

Bachelors' Club, Piccadilly, W.

THE OLD SQUIRE

SIR,—After reading Sir Theodore Cook's letter, I fear I cannot regard him as a sound and impartial authority on the distinction between "quarrelsomeness" and "quick temper." As for the size of the book in which Squire Osbaldeston's memoirs have been entombed, Sir Theodore does not answer my criticism. He says that I care little about the writing of "an autobiography which will become a sporting classic." I said that it "deserves to become a minor classic" and that it "presents a picture of a certain sort of English life which is almost unsurpassed anywhere for raciness and verisimilitude." Because I took this view of it, I protested, and still protest, against its being issued in the first place as a pretext for an album of sporting prints, however interesting they may be. A book which could also be used for weight-lifting exercises might be useful on a desert island where it constituted all one's possessions. It is no form for the first presentation of "a sporting classic." And I repeat, since Sir Theodore omits to notice the point, that the length of line is seriously excessive.

In the matter of the Squire's quarrel with Lord George Bentinck, I think that I may have made a slight error of fact. The Squire, according to Mr. Cuming, pulled his horse (so that it failed to finish in the first three) not in order to get a better price but so as to deceive the handicapper. Mr. Cuming does not put it very clearly, but, as between the two races Rush's handicap was reduced and as Mr. Cuming says the horse was pulled in the first of them, the inference is legitimate. After this Lord George Bentinck called the Squire a damned robber and the Squire chose to consider that he had been insulted. So far as the duel itself goes, Sir Theodore is not very perspicuous. He seems to imply that he and Mr. Cuming know something which has not been published. If so, he must not complain that I do not understand it. The story, as the Squire tells it, bears on the face of it every mark of improbability and could not in any case command credence coming from the mouth of a man self-convicted of sharp practice in racing.

Finally I come to Sir Theodore's allusions to my personal habits, including an irrelevant reference to something written on another subject in another paper. He must know even less of my habits than I know of his, since I have not written a book on mine. I was tempted to regard these remarks as impertinences, but perhaps it is better to think of them as another example of Sir Theodore's explosive indiscretions.

I am, etc.,

EDWARD SHANKS

GERANIUM DAY

SIR,—May I ask you to be good enough to permit me, through the medium of your valuable journal, to appeal for assistance on behalf of those who, like myself, are sightless? The Greater London Fund for the Blind, conducted by the National Institute for the Blind, is a Central Fund which collects money for the metropolitan workshops, institutions and societies

and for the five adjacent County Associations for the Blind. One of its chief sources of income is "Geranium Day," the annual street collection for the blind, and last year "Geranium Day" brought in a sum of £9,300. This splendid result was due mainly to the efforts of the 8,000 voluntary helpers who sold geraniums in the streets, and thus expressed their sympathy for those deprived of the most precious gift of sight.

This year "Geranium Day" will be held on Tuesday, May 11. In order to ensure its success, first and foremost we need sellers in every district. Even if a full day cannot be given, I feel sure that many of your readers can spare one or more hours in the morning to sell the little red flower of consolation. Every effort will be made by the organizers to place volunteers in suitable localities. The blind have to bear their great handicap every day of the year; all that I ask is that for one day, or even part of that day, the sighted show their sympathy towards their blind fellow-citizens in the manner suggested. Fullest particulars will be immediately despatched to everyone who responds to this urgent appeal. Will all those who are willing to help kindly send their names and addresses to the Organizer, "Geranium Day," 224 Great Portland Street, W.1?

I am, etc.,

E. B. B. TOWSE,

Vice-President,

Greater London Fund for the Blind

ART EXHIBITIONS

Walker's Galleries. 118 New Bond Street. Water-colours by J. S. C. McEwan Brown and Wilfred R. Wood. Pastoral water-colours by various distinguished painters.

Arlington Gallery. 22 Old Bond Street. Nature studies in various mediums by A. L. Baldry and E. Rimbault Dibdin.

Sporting Gallery. 32 King Street, Covent Garden. Wildfowl paintings and drawings of wildfowl by the late Frank Southgate, R.B.A.

XXI Gallery. Durham House Street, Adelphi. Paintings and drawings of Albania by Jan and Cora Gordon.

Cotswold Gallery. 59 Frith Street. Water-colours by J. M. W. Turner, Girtin, Dayes and others of the English school.

Savile Gallery. 10 Savile Row. Drawings by François Boucher, Forain, Augustus John, Walter Sickert and others.

THE ART UNION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

ANNUAL DRAW

The Annual Draw of the Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours takes place in the Galleries of the Institute, 195 Piccadilly, W., on Tuesday, May 11.

The first prize will be of the value of one hundred and fifty pounds to be chosen from pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Institute, and there are numerous other prizes. The tickets for the Draw are one shilling each. Every subscriber, however, who takes or disposes of a book of twenty tickets will be entitled to a reproduction in colour of the picture 'The Prize,' by Norman Wilkinson, O.B.E., R.I., signed by the artist.

The last day for tickets, which can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. W. T. Blackmore, is Thursday, May 6. This is the 16th year of the Art Union, which was started in the hope of inducing a more widely spread appreciation of our National Art of Water-Colour Painting.

A NUMBER OF THINGS

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT did a great deal for actors, a good deal for the comfort of audiences, and something, in days when the mildly realistic Robertson was regarded as a bold innovator, for a drama which should bear some perceptible relation to normal life. But to me it seems that his greatest achievement was the production of his own aged personality. The wise choice of Albany for a background, the admirable dressing of the part, the maintenance of an amiable aloofness from the things of to-day, without retirement into the past, the ease and exactitude of the whole presentation can hardly be overpraised. I will take the word of my seniors that he was an artist on the stage half a century ago; I know that he was an artist in a particular kind of life, the life of the veteran actor who turns the fact of dating to his advantage and our pleasure.

The only thing the matter with the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' has been its slight deficiency in thrills. Now that Mr. Garvin, whom I, like all other journalists, hold in the highest honour, and whose name, indeed, I cannot write without taking the cap off my fountain-pen, has been appointed to the editorship, we may look for a change. For the human race, in Mr. Garvin's view of it, finds itself every week-end at that terrific furcation of the primrose path and the austere way to eternal bliss. Like Rossetti in Walter Pater's criticism, he is one for whom every moment is a crisis, though he needs more than fourteen lines to express his sense of crisis. And, presumably, he sees man's whole past similarly, with a momentous choice made every week, the dice rattling in the anxious human hand, the Rubicon always just about to be crossed. So we may be hopeful. But is there any truth in the rumour of popularization? I trust not. From the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' we expect no compromise between the demands of the severest scholarship and the requirements of a lazy public.

Death, at the hands of Frontier raiders, has brought out of obscurity into something like fame that very gallant and chivalrous officer of the Indian Police, Mr. E. C. Handyside. He belonged to a service that is equal to anything. As witness that officer who curtly telegraphed on the appearance of an aspirant to membership, "New God on Frontier, am in pursuit," and averted both a little holy war against Great Britain and the murder of the messiah by believers who desired to have his sepulchre in their village. But Mr. Handyside will be best remembered by some people for his whimsical tenderness towards animals. Every performing bear that came into his view would be hired by him for the day, and given a day of feasting and idleness on the lawns of his garden, regardless of damage. For unlike Walter Savage Landor, when he threw the cook out of the window on to the flower beds, Mr. Handyside never cried out, "Good God, I forgot the violets!"

The progress of invention is not checked. Here—but, as always happens, the cutting has vanished from my desk—here or hereabouts are details of a great device whereby key-holes are rendered luminous. I take it, but, as I have already lamented, that cutting is not to be consulted, that the invention comes to us from the home of Prohibition, and is for the benefit of nocturnal consumers of wood alcohol, "moonshine," embalming spirits and other fluids which incapacitate men from finding the unilluminated key-holes of their

street-doors. Henceforth, things will be simple for them. The returning reveller will merely have to hitch himself to the nearest moth to get all the guidance he needs. Moth-running will now become a side-line with boot-leggers.

It is impossible not to share the anxiety with which the nineteenth report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, just issued, contemplates the future. Much remains for that body to do, and meanwhile important documents are constantly being dispersed by auction or private sale and passing beyond the Commission's view. I am a child in these matters, but would it not be possible to make it incumbent, under penalty, on the possessor of manuscripts of an older than given date, to notify intention of sale and to afford reasonable opportunities for examination, transcription and photographic reproduction? The dispersal of collections is the more to be regretted because their constituents are so often widely scattered and minor items in a short time cease to be traceable.

If there is only one thing in which I should like to see a reversion to war conditions, there very emphatically is one: the rationing of Maconochie. Sir James Barrie is a highly successful writer, whom many people admire the other side of idolatry and some, of whom I am one, about a furlong this side of it. Let him write and flourish. But let him not be tempted by the familiar spirit he invented and named Maconochie to further indulgence in the playful vein of oratory. The preposterous sycophancy of most of the daily papers should not delude him. They are sub-edited by Scotsmen, but the readers are chiefly English, and their gorges rise at the kind of thing Sir James Barrie is lured into uttering. I cannot speak for the Australian cricketers; physically manly people sometimes have a taste for the intellectually sickly. But some of us others cannot endure the feeble fantasies, sugared sentiment, industrious jesting of Sir James Barrie's speeches in connexion with cricket or any other subject. They are in thoroughly bad taste, and ought to be discontinued.

At Tickhill, near Doncaster, there has been trouble with a motor-cycle combination, associated with which were a deaf and dumb driver, a deaf and dumb side-car passenger and a deaf and dumb pillion-rider. How comes it that such a party was ever allowed to use the public road? Surely deafness should absolutely debar a person from receiving a licence to drive. But as things are, persons with every conceivable disability are careering about the country to the general peril. The only safe course for the ordinary user of the roads is to assume that every approaching cyclist or motorist is a defective with homicidal tendencies and to act accordingly.

I spent Primrose Day in the woods of Wiltshire and I cannot remember a more generous display of primroses—and indeed of all spring wild-flowers—than is to be seen in the countryside this year. In many copses bluebells, primroses, and the wood anemone (by some called "windflower") were flourishing together in extreme profusion, so that the proverbial "carpet" of flowers was a veritable fact. The heavy rains of the last few days have brought on the tree foliage remarkably, and many beeches have burst their buds. The fruit-growers—especially of soft fruit—welcome the wet, but not the hail, which is damaging the blossom. The ground frost of the last few nights cannot have pleased them either.

TALLYMAN

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

'HERMAN MELVILLE' (Macmillan, 5s. net) is the latest addition to the new series of the 'English Men of Letters.' Happy as we may be to see any fresh critical work by Mr. John Freeman, it is difficult not to feel a preliminary objection to Melville being included in this particular series. The greatest still existent gap in these monographs is to be filled soon by Mr. Osbert Burdett's book on Blake.

In 'The Wooden Man' (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net) Mr. Gilbert Norwood seems to offer his readers highly miscellaneous entertainment. For a first look at the volume reveals the presence of the story of a hoax, an attack on literary priggishness, a play about a barber's shop, a criticism of 'King Lear.'

'The Art of Thought' (Cape, 9s. net) appears to throw out a challenge which defenders of our existing educational system and instruments of culture will have to take up. In it Mr. Graham Wallas, always an independent critic, suggests the inquiry how a potentially great thinker would be affected if subjected to our educational methods. And indeed it is a shrewd test of any civilization to consider how Shakespeare or Pascal would react to it.

'Evenings on a Farm near Dikana' (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net) presents us with earliest extant writings of Gogol, in a translation from the very experienced pen of Mrs. Garnett.

The whole body of readers interested in cricket ought to welcome 'A Cricketer's Yarns' (Chapman and Hall, 15s. net). The book contains the memories of Richard Daft, who was born in 1835 and died in 1900, edited by Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper. Daft played through a great period in the history of the game, and his editor seems to have been remarkably successful in rescuing matter that would also have been lost to the records of sport.

'Ravenna' (Dent, 5s. 6d. net) is a volume in the meritorious 'Medieval Towns' series, by Mr. Edward Hutton, who is never better than when dealing with such subjects.

A very pleasantly produced set of volumes inaugurate the copyright reprints entitled 'The Travellers' Library' (Cape, 3s. 6d. net each). The first three are: 'Selected Prejudices,' by the pungent Mr. H. L. Mencken; 'The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp,' by Mr. W. H. Davies; and 'Wide Seas and Many Lands,' by Mr. Arthur Mason.

In 'Castles in the Air' (Hogarth Press, 18s. net) Miss Viola Tree recounts her efforts, after leaving the stage where she was associated with her father, to become a singer. It is a very personal book indeed, with copious selections from intimate correspondence and diaries, and the writer is evidently aware that it may not be generally regarded as judicious.

'The Pool' (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d. net) is Mr. Anthony Bertram's first novel, a story with a setting familiarly known to him—the Pool of London.

'British Etching' (The Bodley Head, 31s. 6d. net) is a critical survey by Shaw Sparrow, covering the period from Barlow, whose excellent work on 'Æsop's Fables' is represented in reproductions, to Seymour Haden. Barlow has had precious little honour till now, such copies of his Æsop as turn up in booksellers' lists being usually recommended by reference to Aphra Behn. Mr. Shaw Sparrow's book is very sumptuously produced.

'The Cyclopædia of Furniture' (Benn, 2 guineas) is an extremely well-illustrated work of reference, edited by Dr. Hermann Schmitz, who has had the co-operation of authorities in various countries. Messrs. Benn are becoming famous for excellent productions of this kind.

REVIEWS

AMERICAN POETS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Modern American Poetry. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Cape. 15s. net.

OVER a hundred years ago there was born in America, in Edgar Allan Poe, a poet who exercised as much influence over succeeding generations as any who ever lived. His country did not treat him too well: he had more recognition in England and more still in France. To this day his own country treats him shamefully in the matter of editions and whereas it is easy to obtain satisfactory versions of scores of English poets of much less importance, there is not, so far as I can discover, any edition of the work of Poe still in print that satisfies the most moderate requirements. Nevertheless there has always been a tendency among some American critics to complain that England does not treat American poetry with sufficient seriousness. I do not say (because I do not know) that Mr. Louis Untermeyer is one of these, but it is easy to trace in him some signs of an equal self-consciousness. American poetry has long existed and has never been treated as negligible. Poe and Whitman are figures of the literature of the world. Longfellow had a success in England almost equalling Tennyson's, is now perhaps as well known. There is no need for America to be alarmed and no need for Mr. Untermeyer to publish a volume of over 600 pages of American poetry since Whitman unless he can fill it with better matter than many of the pieces he includes. The best would have been enough to substantiate any national claim anyone might choose to make.

He begins at the point when, the Civil War concluded, "America developed a national consciousness; the West discovered itself, and the East discovered the West. Grudgingly at first the aristocratic leaders made way for a new expression; crude, jangling, vigorously democratic." But what is rather disconcerting is the discovery that of what is best in this volume little could have been written only by an American, and most of the worst might have been written by anyone. The lady who writes over the signature "H. D." seems to me to have a beautiful if closely restricted talent. But I fail to recognize anything specifically American, let alone anything "crude, jangling, vigorously democratic" in:

Let her who walks in Paphos
take the glass,
let Paphos take the mirror
and the work of frosted fruit,
gold apples set
with silver apple-leaf,
white leaf of silver
wrought with vein of gilt.
Let Paphos lift the mirror;
let her look
into the polished center of the disk.

(Nor do I discern anything particularly revolutionary in technique in a passage that, with one trifling irregularity, can be read more easily as a passage of ordinary blank verse than as it is set out here.) Take again Mr. Robert Frost, one of the half dozen best poets living, one who, incidentally, had to come to England to get his first book published. His scenery to be sure is that of "North of Boston," but if he had been born in England it would have been that of his native county. Take this lovely thing:

Whose woods these are I think I know
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.
My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

The distinction between this and any similar English poet you care to name is one of locality, not of nationality. Mr. Frost's New England and Professor Housman's Shropshire are both of them the same distance from London and New York.

Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay is a case of a poet into whom the self-consciousness has entered as it does with the critic. But, among other things of hers here, there is a sonnet the sestet of which, at any rate, few writers would not be proud to claim:

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts to-night, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply;
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone;
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

One would like, perhaps, to have one word here changed, but it is a beautiful poem. Like the others, however, that I have quoted, it proves only that the English language is as capable of breeding good poems on the other side of the Atlantic as it always has been on this.

So too with bad poetry. There is here an extract from the works of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson which would make a fruitful text for a dissertation on this subject:

No more with overflowing light,
Shall fill the eyes that now are faded,
Nor shall another's fringe with night
Their woman-hidden world as they did.
No more shall quiver down the days
The flowing wonder of her ways,
Whereof no language may requite
The shifting and the many-shaded.

This, with twice as much again, failing, with all its elaborate self-torture, to say what Mr. de la Mare says in the eight lines of his 'Epitaph,' comprises in itself almost all that one means by bad poetry. But it is such bad poetry as may be written anywhere and at any time.

There are some poems and writers here included of which one can say that they are distinctively American. Mr. Carl Sandburg's poems, whether one likes them or dislikes them, have power and could hardly have been written anywhere else. Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's poems often express emotion that seems particularly American, as in a piece quoted here on a politician and still more in a piece that I miss here, the electric 'Bryan! Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!' These exceptions may multiply in future. But at present they are rare and Mr. Untermeyer's volume chiefly serves the purpose of demonstrating what, indeed, English readers too often forget, that we have by no means the monopoly of extracting poetry from the English language.

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Catherine the Great. By Katherine Anthony.
Cape. 18s. net.

COMPILED chiefly from the letters and papers of Catherine, Miss Anthony's book deals not so much with her amorous adventures as with her influence upon the policy of her time and the events in which she took part. The amorous adventures are there, it is true, but it is rather as the Little Mother of Russia

than as the Messalina of Petersburg that the great Catherine is depicted.

Catherine, the eldest of five children, was born in 1729 at Stettin, in North Prussia, where her father, Christian-August of Zerbst, was in command of an infantry regiment. Her mother, Johanna-Elizabeth of Holstein-Gottorp, who had been brought up at the court of her wealthy godmother, the Duchess of Brunswick, was a restless, ambitious woman, who handed on these qualities to her daughter, Sophie Auguste Friedrike. And Fike, as she was called at home, needed them badly. The family was poor, and her only chance of a career of any kind, short of becoming a nun, was to marry a German prince. The prospect even of this appeared remote, for Fike was a plain child, and there was no hope of a large dowry to counteract this defect. She herself tells us:

I do not know for sure whether as a child I was really ugly, but I remember well this was often said of me, and that I must therefore strive to show inward excellence and intelligence.

Later, on hearing of the marriage of Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha with the Prince of Wales, an old family friend

began to preach to me wisdom and Christian virtue and stern morality, to the end that I might be worthy to wear a crown, should one ever be allotted to me. This crown never again went out of my head.

The crown was a long time coming, but it came at last through the good offices of Frederick the Great. The Russian Chancellor, Bestushev, was at the head of an influential party opposed to Prussia, and Russia was a perpetual source of danger to Frederick. With skill and patience the King of Prussia's agents succeeded in improving the relations between the two countries, and in arranging a betrothal between Fike and the heir to the Russian throne, the Grand Duke Peter of Holstein-Gottorp. Her mother took her to Russia, where she was converted to the Orthodox faith, and rebaptised Catherine. Marriage followed in the August of 1744. At the court of Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Peter the Great, the situation was full of difficulties and dangers for the young German girl, but Catherine "expanded in an atmosphere where ostentation was the rule. With precocious tact . . . she established herself securely in this glittering and treacherous environment."

The party of the Grand Duke gradually increased in importance, owing to the skill and intrigues of Catherine, although she had one or two bad moments when failure and ruin seemed imminent. Peter was a feeble-minded boy when Catherine married him, with a passion for toy soldiers and a boundless admiration for the King of Prussia, and he does not seem to have grown up very much by the time he was thirty-five. Elizabeth died on Christmas Day, 1761; her funeral did not take place for six weeks; and during that time the new Tsar

offended public opinion in various ways. While the Grand Duchess was diligently observing all the ritual ordained by the Greek Church for the dead Empress, Peter III was conducting himself as a boy just let out from school. His sharp, strident tones could be heard down the corridors, conveying the joyous excitement he was unable to control. . . . On the day of the funeral his grotesque behaviour shocked the people in the street.

In spite of this he was popular for a short time. He recalled various Siberian exiles and abolished Elizabeth's Secret Chancery. But his interference with ecclesiastical affairs, his impossibly severe army discipline, and his Prussian sympathies provoked a reaction. It was not difficult for Catherine to head a party, which included her lover Orlov and her future lover Potemkin, for the overthrow of her husband. A revolution took place—with the inevitable result—Peter abdicated on July 9, 1762, and his death was announced ten days later.

The first part of the book is the most interesting, which depicts the transformation of plain little Fike of Stettin into Catherine the "Imperial Majesty" of Russia. The closing chapters are rather discursive,

but a clear picture of Catherine herself emerges. She was attracted by the liberalism of the eighteenth century, and she encouraged the habits of Western civilization in the Court of Petersburg, building hospitals and orphanages, and establishing a girls' school where Voltaire's plays were acted by the pupils. She corresponded with Voltaire, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams and other distinguished foreigners; she wrote her memoirs several times, in addition to composing political treatises, allegories, plays, histories, and innumerable letters. She also found time to introduce the practice of inoculation against smallpox into Russia, inviting a celebrated physician to Court, and being herself his first subject, in order to popularize inoculation. The author's style is apt to prove irritating in its more playful moments, but on the whole the book is vigorously written.

FIVE WRITING LADIES

Bluestocking Letters. Selected, with an Introduction, by R. Brimley Johnson. Lane. 6s. net.

M^R. JOHNSON'S *Bluestockings* and correspondents are five in number and supply a variety of temperament. Fanny Burney, Mrs. Thrale, and Hannah More make a more vivacious trio, but they have already been sufficiently discussed. Mrs. Montagu is known as a great hostess who condescended once a year to the entertainment of chimney-sweeps. She is a pretentious writer and a prolix moralist. "Cicero" Middleton married her grandmother and drew her out too early at Cambridge. Here, however, we are spared her silly remarks on the "universal Tully." She was not so pedantically verbose as Anna Seward, and has occasionally a nice touch of humour. The worst of these ladies is that, if they have anything to say, they say it too elaborately, and when they miss one another, one would think their life depended on it. They need Hamlet's criticism:

The lady doth protest too much, methinks,

except Mrs. Vesey, whose breathless style of writing is engaging, like her Irish self. We can see why she was in demand. She lent ease and vivacity to parties which with their mild feminism and biscuits tended to be a little dull. Mrs. Chapone was the great friend of Richardson, and wrote much good sense to him about his characters. She was an able arguer with more stuff in her than the others. Miss Carter, the indefatigable linguist, who could manage both to translate Epictetus and to make a pudding, is the most attractive figure, though, as Mr. Johnson remarks, a little too subservient to the great Mrs. Montagu. She could dote on a piece of honeysuckle in a lane and stand up for 'Tom Jones,' buy nice clothes and have the vapours, like anybody else. She alone of the five has left a book that survives. The ladies in general seem to be playing a pretty game with mild literary flirtations and applause for favourites like Dr. Young, considered a very model of virtue and learning, not the greedy sycophant he was. They wrote much about their poor health and had a high average of old age. We miss Mrs. Lennox, whom Johnson once at a festive party at the Devil tavern crowned with a wreath of bay-leaves in celebration of her novel. Perhaps she is to come later with Miss Reynolds, the notable sister of Sir Joshua, who spelt too badly for a bluestocking.

On the whole, the ladies, with their prolixity reduced, are good company for those who like the sentiment of the eighteenth century, and the editor has hit them off well in his prefaces. They were not really important, except as associating culture with attractive women. Mary Wollstonecraft has not yet arrived to proclaim those rights and wrongs of women which have been before the world ever since. Mrs. Chapone, declaring with shrewd sense her 'Matrimonial Creed'

concerning the behaviour of husbands and wives, acknowledges that "a husband has a divine right to the absolute obedience of his wife."

A few notes might have been added on matters familiar to the expert, but not to the general reader.

THE SCIENCE OF WAR

The Foundations of the Science of War. By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller. Hutchinson. 21s. net.

READERs of Tennyson—if the devotees of expressionism will pardon a reference to that effete Victorian harmonist—may remember how Lancelot attempted to read a lesson in the science of war to his youthful comrade, showing him how skill might compensate for the want of force:

Then Gareth, "Here be rules. I know but one—
To dash against mine enemy and to win."

This bull-headed lack of interest in the scientific methods of warfare has for many centuries been the reproach brought by foreign military critics against British generals. Was it not the worthy Canon of Chimay who observed that the English never fought better than in their first battle? A more recent critic has pointed out that in the greater part of their campaigns the British only won a single battle—but, oddly enough, that always happened to be the last one. Either way we may choose to put it, there has usually been a consensus of really scientific opinion that we ought never to be successful in war, so great is our national disregard of the teachings of military science. Even Colonel Fuller, who is equipped not only with a wide knowledge of the military history on which he lectures so ably, but with a considerable practical experience gained in the late war, is of opinion that our ultimate victory was due rather to good luck than to good guidance. From a different starting-point he has reached the conclusion of the Black Prince, that "the victory lieth not in the multitude of people, but whereas God will send it." Some of the most amusing passages in his elaborate treatise on the science of war adumbrate his contempt for the methods which we adopted in order "to maintain the luxury of mental indolence in the head of some military alchemist. . . . Thinking to some people is like washing to others. A tramp cannot tolerate a hot bath, and the average general cannot tolerate any change in preconceived ideas; prejudice sticks to his brain like tar to a blanket."

Colonel Fuller is convinced that the late war was unduly prolonged "because we would not think in terms of the conditions of war, and discover the influence of these conditions on the instrument." He himself is one of the tiny handful of thinking soldiers who are roused into an intellectual fury by our national indifference to the scientific study of war—by our leaving our army in the hands of the conventional heavy dragoon. He has accordingly set out "to do for war what Copernicus did for astronomy, Newton for physics, and Darwin for natural history." This is an ambition as laudable as it is modest, but we cannot honestly say that Colonel Fuller has quite succeeded in carrying it out. He has come nearer the achievement of Spinoza, who took the Elements of Euclid as his literary model in a treatise on ethics, and thereby effectually succeeded in limiting the number of his readers. Colonel Fuller's numbered paragraphs and psychological diagrams do not greatly assist the reader, and we incline to think that his elaborate development of "principles," even though the *War of the Foundations* is a modified form, hardly takes us further than we might have got by reading between the lines of Cæsar. Parts of Colonel Fuller's book, such as the chapter on 'The Moral Sphere of War,' are admirably written, but as a whole it is disappointing.

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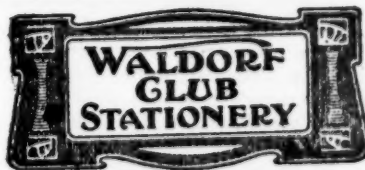
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'Dark Laughter' is to all intents and purposes a triangular drama. The hero's wife, Bernice, driven from her husband's side by his irritating way of smiling, is too indistinct to make him anything but a technical adulterer, and by the end of the book, when Bruce Dudley has gone off with his employer's wife, this encumbrance of his earlier years seems to have slipped out of Mr. Anderson's mind, as she had long ago slipped out of Bruce's. Indeed, adultery is not mentioned, for the characters are actuated by motives which are virtually unconcerned with outworn creeds. Unconcerned with anything, perhaps, but a vague spiritual *malaise*, too intangible for definition and too remote for sympathy. Aline Grey is dissatisfied with her husband Fred, so she engages as gardener one of his employees, whose appearance had struck her as she was driving past him one day, rather quickly, with her expensive motor-car in second gear. Bruce Dudley, bored, lacking a victim for his smiles, applies for the situation; and presently Aline is able to tell her husband that she will have a son. She decides to leave him. Fred finds the pair together in the garden, and gathers from the fact that Bruce is accompanied by two heavy bags that their departure may be looked on as permanent. In spite of this he feels himself much aggrieved, for he had been fond of Aline; and the story leaves him lying lonely in bed, listening to the laughter, more or less insensate, of two black servants, who have guffawed mirthlessly but symbolically at intervals throughout the book.

Of Mr. Anderson's sincerity there can be no question. He takes nothing for granted: he examines (one imagines) the complex of human emotions as they are usually represented and decides that the representation is false, without correspondence to real emotions. So he reduces thought, sensation and emotion to a sub-conscious unformulated yearning for propinquity, a yearning that, in its blind groping for fulfilment, overrides the conscious attitudes and aims of life. His characters are like primitive organisms that drift about in the ooze, sometimes dividing and sometimes coalescing. He represents consciousness as the sort of stupor one gets into from travelling too long in the train; thought is paralysed by exhaustion and the movements of the body become one's chief concern. This condition he calls life:

There is a thing men do not accept. They—the men—are too crude. There is too much childishness in them. They are proud, exacting, sure of themselves and their own little systems.

All about is life, but they have put themselves above life. What they do not dare accept is the fact, the mystery, life itself.

Flesh is flesh, a tree is a tree, grass is grass. The flesh of women is the flesh of trees, of flowers, of grasses.

We admit that flesh is flesh. We admit also that, as Mr. Anderson says in another place, "After all, men

are men and women are women—a life is a life." But why the flesh of women is the flesh of trees, of flowers, of grasses, we are at a loss to see. One has every sympathy with Mr. Anderson in his disgust at and revolt from certain aspects of modern life. It is futile, no doubt, and it is pleasant to indulge the notion of going to live with the animals because they are so placid and self-contained. But to take that proposal seriously and to elaborate it for three hundred pages, as Mr. Anderson does, is not a helpful contribution to the problem of modern unrest.

It is a change to turn to the spectacled classicism of Mr. Erskine. Spared at the last by Menelaus, Helen returns to her home in Sparta, beautiful as ever and entirely unrepentant of the mischief she has caused. Her attitude embarrasses her daughter Hermione, who had silenced the voice of scandal by giving out that Helen was not in Troy at all, but was making a long stay in Egypt. Helen is represented as loving candour above all things. She is without irony, very clever, and determined that her daughter shall not marry Orestes until she has at least made the acquaintance of Pyrrhus. Orestes, she says, with considerable penetration, takes life too seriously. Pyrrhus is the man for Hermione to marry, even if he did murder Polyxena and take Andromache for a concubine. Helen is a fatalist, and as far as she has a theory about life it is that one should be in love to the utmost of one's power and leave other things to shift for themselves. But Hermione is cut to a different pattern. She approves of Orestes and applauds his filial piety in becoming a matricide. She has a conscience. Menelaus, a charming character, full of irony, pretends and perhaps tries to play the injured masterful husband to Helen; but he always gives in to her. The story is conducted almost entirely in dialogue, and most of the dialogue centres round Hermione's marriage. It is poised rather delicately between facetiousness and seriousness. The characters are apt to become long-winded, Helen not least. It is painful to think of her as a bore. The best things in the book are the subtle touches by which Mr. Erskine has conveyed the effect of Helen's beauty. The rest is little more than a series of imaginary conversations, often witty and profound, but lacking in variety of tone. A temperament that is only illustrated by conversation, never by action, is only half a temperament. 'The Private Life of Helen of Troy' is a *tour de force*, and as such needs a special mood on the reader's part.

'The Venetian Glass Nephew' is an even more rarefied dish. Miss Wylie takes to preciosity like a duck to water; her fantasy of eighteenth-century Venice recalls the literature of the 'nineties. In 'Jennifer Lorn' she achieved something more than the reconstruction of a past age; for though the book was packed with period-properties it had an atmosphere of its own, an atmosphere that was sinister and faintly disagreeable, but one in which the outcome of historical research took on the hues of romance. 'The Venetian Glass Nephew' lacks this imaginative quality. The sentences are hard and bright; everyone wears diamonds and is clothed in silk or velvet. But there remain what Mr. Salteena called "dodges of a rich nature": they convey expensiveness without magnificence and finally, so frequently are they mentioned, they hardly convey anything at all. The theme is fragile, as the title of the book implies: a pious, innocent cardinal, to be in the mode, gets a magician to make him a nephew—of glass. The nephew falls in love with a lovely blue-stockings, who had held her own with Voltaire. But the clasp of her husband's hand draws blood and she determines to meet him on more equal terms by changing herself into china. The story is short, and to spin it out Miss Wylie introduces a long and rather irrelevant anecdote. Miss Wylie has an exquisite sense of period; but her novel is virtually all decoration, a frame without a picture.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Justice and the Poor in England. By F. C. G. Gurney-Champion. Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.

COMFORTABLE words about English justice have secured it a reputation which is in existing circumstances not altogether deserved. Not only is the man who can command money allowed advantages over the man who cannot, but the Revenue and Government Departments have a highly privileged position against the private citizen, and it is notorious that the latter, acting in the name of the Crown, which, of course, is not suable, can rob, trespass, wrongfully dismiss, and, in fact, do almost anything they like without the private citizen having any legal remedy against them. A Petition of Right may serve, but it is costly and complicated, and, worst of all, it is granted only at the discretion of the Government, or, in other words, of the defendant. This very damaging book collects a considerable amount of information about another aspect of the question, and shows conclusively that justice is now virtually prohibited to a great number of people, in defiance of the famous provision of Magna Charta. The more expensive justice becomes, the more jealously must the rights of those who can afford very little be safeguarded; otherwise justice abets the good pocket against the good cause. The cost of a High Court action, for example, is at least £200, and under the existing Poor Persons' Rules no one worth over £100 may be aided in any circumstances whatever, leaving a vast gap between those who are entitled to aid and those who can afford to bring an action themselves. Further, the joint income of a husband and wife has to be taken, so that if the husband has £4 5s. a week the wife is not entitled to free legal aid even if she is destitute and seeking a divorce. But it is futile to attempt in a few lines to give any idea of the very serious degeneration of justice capably described and analysed in this book. The knowledge that we lag behind every civilized country in this way is not flattering to our national pride. We hope this book will be successful in drawing public attention to the matter.

Berthe Morisot. By Armand Fourreau. Translated by Hubert Wellington. The Bodley Head. 5s. net.

THE excellent little series 'Masters of Modern Art,' of which the Bodley Head have now issued some ten volumes, fulfils a very definite requirement. In each there are forty illustrations in monotone and a translation from a French monograph consisting of a study of the growth and development of the painter concerned, necessary biographical details, and a consideration of his artistic worth and influence. The present volume, on Berthe Morisot, is one of the most satisfactory. M. Fourreau's introduction is extremely lucid and pertinent, and the translation has been well done. Our only quibble is that the proofs might have been more carefully read. In addition to many misprints, some of the references to plates are faulty.

A Short History of Medieval Christendom. By H. A. V. Ransom. Dent. 6s. net.

CONSIDERING the magnitude of the task that the writer has set himself this is an extraordinarily good little history of the break-up of the Roman Empire and the gradual formation of its successors. It puts due weight on the services of the Papacy during the early Middle Ages, and on the difficulties it caused when this particular usefulness had passed away. As time goes the scope of the book narrows to a history of the Latin civilizations—Italy and France—and of our own country; but such limitations were unavoidable if a lucid account of any one of them were to be given. The book is a piece of work on which author and publisher are to be congratulated.

From Pascal to Proust. By G. Turquet-Milnes. Cape. 5s. net.

MME. TURQUET-MILNES entitles her book 'Studies in the Genealogy of a Philosophy'; the philosophy is that of Bergson seen through the medium of a cultivated student of modern literature—using the adjective in its widest sense. But a non-Bergsonian may be allowed to remark that much of what the author goes to him for has been said many times over long before by the masters of Greek thought and by their great medieval disciples. To such a one the author will appeal by her sensitiveness to the literary qualities of the subjects of her essays, by the fact that she has something fresh to say of Meredith, that she familiarizes her reader with modern French criticism, and that even on Proust she can strike an independent note in the chorus of praise and blame awakened by his writings. A word must be added in recognition of the exceptionally good appearance of the book.

Mrs. Delany. By R. Brimley Johnston. Stanley Paul. 16s. net.

MRS. DELANY was certainly born with a silver spoon in her mouth, for as Hannah More wrote: "She was a Granville, and niece to the celebrated poet Lord Lansdowne. She was the friend and intimate of Swift. She tells a thousand pleasant anecdotes relative to the publication of the *Tatler*. As to the *Spectator*, it is almost too modern for her to speak of it." So much good fortune might well have turned the most balanced head, yet to the end of her long life—she was eighty-nine when she died in April, 1788—she remained singularly unaffected by her social successes. A gossip, and a gossipy letter-writer, in an age when conversation and letter-writing were still fine arts,

she managed to convey to her listeners and readers something of the *joie de vivre* by which she herself was animated. Without beauty or great intellectual gifts Mrs. Delany was fortunate in the possession of that rarest of all gifts—personality. And hers must have been a charming and refreshing personality by contrast with the sombre brilliance of Swift ("he calls himself 'my master'"). But it is less for the great people from time to time mentioned in her letters than for the picture they give of a prosperous eighteenth-century life that they deserve to be remembered and re-read. Nor was that life in some notable respects so vastly different from our own. As within the last few years, so then, all the world went to 'The Beggars' Opera'—you must sing it everywhere *but at church*, if you have a mind to be like the *polite world*. Is not that worth a dozen mentions of George III?

An Anthology of Youth in Verse and Prose. Chosen by Susan Miles. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a sad book. Indeed, there can be few sadder things in the world than youth viewed in retrospect; and here we have the tragedy of it—youth with its ambitions, aspirations, achievements and disillusionments. Youth high-spirited, as in the account of David Copperfield's dinner-party; youth filled with hopeless misery, as in that terrible passage in 'Father and Son' which tells how the small child, Edmund Gosse, prayed—and prayed in vain—to the Lord Jesus to take him to be for ever in Paradise. An anthology is so much a matter of individual taste that it is both ungracious and irrelevant to complain of omissions. Surely, however, space might have been found for what is perhaps the most eloquent passage in the whole of Stevenson:

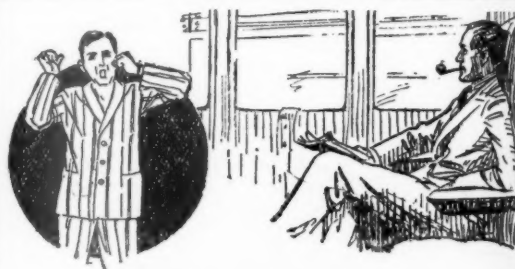
"O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopelessly is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour."

Still, the compiler has given us so much that is good that one must fain be thankful. The present reviewer at least is particularly grateful for the following brief poem by Frances Cornford, which he has encountered for the first time:

A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
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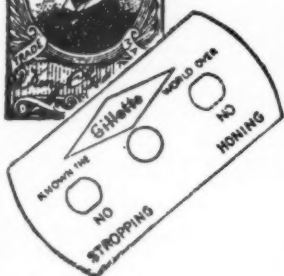
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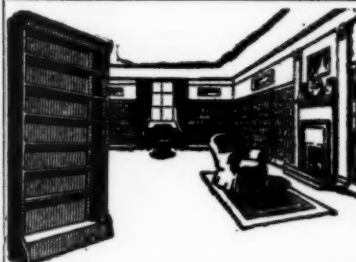
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MOTORING SERVICE AND REPAIRS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

A QUESTION which is puzzling the retailers of motor cars to-day is how much free service they are expected to give to customers to whom they sell motor carriages. All agree that a certain amount will have to be given, the public expects it, having been led to do so by the advertisements of the manufacturers, the big car agents and leading distributors. On the other hand, the public which buys cars is asking what is all this talk of free service when the manufacturer himself does not give it and when the car owners seldom get it. Some authoritative statement should be made by the leading British manufacturers of motor cars, and by those wholesale houses who represent the interests of the imported foreign cars, as to what they actually mean by the word "service." Some people take it to mean that any necessary repairs are to be done gratis for the first year. The sellers of automobiles have quite another interpretation, reducing the limit of free repairs to adjusting the carburettor or the magneto, if the buyer complains that his purchase is not running as well as he expected. The dealer never troubles even to look after the battery, and for that reason firms like the Exide and C.A.V. combination provide service stations of their own where they give free advice and attention to new car owners, if they will register themselves with the nearest station to their homes. But how many new car owners know that this is necessary? Very few, if one can judge

by the comments heard in any hostelry or club where motorists gather together and discuss automobiles.

Possibly there are a few sellers of cars who inform customers of the amount of free attention they will give. These are the exception, but they do exist and doubtless perform what they undertake to do. Yet they lay down an arbitrary rule that the owner should bring his car into their garage at regular monthly intervals for the first three months after purchase, and then usually wash their hands of further responsibility beyond that contained in the manufacturer's guarantee. The latter, with one or two notable exceptions such as the Bentley (with its five years), guarantee to replace any defective part of the machine in the first twelve months of its life in the purchaser's hands. That may sound like free repairs for a year, but it is no such thing; the cost of labour in taking out the defective part and replacing it with a new one has to be paid for by the owner of the car. That seems strange to the novice in car-owning, who expects such replacements to be made free of any cost to himself, except the uselessness of the vehicle while the work is being carried out. Therefore, it is in no cavilling spirit that the general body of car owners are asking for some better and more accurate definition of what the trade means by "service." Noisy valve tappets, wheel wobble, noisy back axles, and too audible exhausts are items that may bring the car back to the seller for adjustment, besides carburation troubles, or difficulty in starting from cold, and leaking water joints. Are these to be attended to gratis by the seller, or at the cost of the owner? One dealer may assent while others disagree on these matters; and so the general motoring public is at a loss to know what is the real position.



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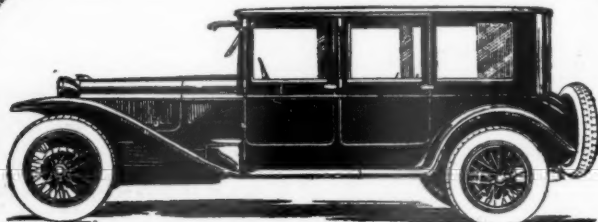
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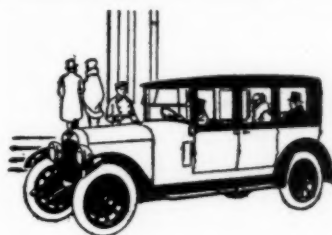
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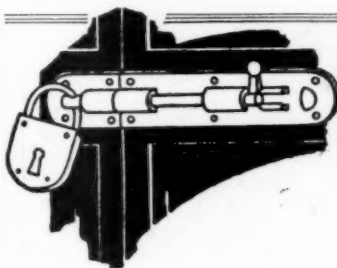
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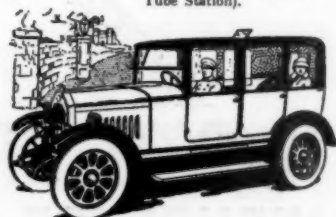
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE volume of business on the Stock Exchange continues at a low ebb. In view of the serious position of the coal negotiations this is not surprising. In addition, next Monday the Budget is due, and it is customary for markets to remain subdued until the best or the worst is known as regards the coming year's taxation. If a further disturbing element is required it is furnished in the continued fall in the French franc, which this week has touched a new low record. Although it is always possible that a sharp recovery may be experienced, it is difficult to see what is to cause this, for all the factors which lead to a depreciation of currency are evident in the present financial position in France.

UNION CORPORATION

The report of the Union Corporation for the year ended December 31 last disclosed that the net profit for the year, after deducting all outgoings, amounted to £352,756, to which £85,097 brought forward from 1924 is added. An interim dividend of 1s. 6d. per share was paid in November last, and a final dividend of 3s. per share is now declared; £84,971 has been placed to reserve, bringing the total of this account up to £347,347; £92,863 is carried forward. This report, as was expected, is an extremely satisfactory one. The balance sheet is drawn up in a sound and conservative manner and the directors state that at present market prices their share assets, debentures and other securities show a very substantial surplus over the amount on which they stand in the balance sheet. The liquidity of the Corporation can be realized by the fact that the cash at banks totals £314,638; British and other Government securities £209,891; and temporary advances against securities, including stocks and shares taken in, £1,015,841.

ENKA ARTIFICIAL SILK

In view of the fact that much is likely to be heard in the future of the British Enka Artificial Silk Company, in which the Union Corporation is so largely interested, the particulars of this Company given in the report are of interest. The Enka Artificial Silk Company, of Holland, was formed in 1911 and has steadily enlarged its business; profits have increased commensurately. In consequence of its success the Corporation has acquired an interest in the Maekubee Company of Holland, constituted in April last to exploit the Enka process in countries other than Holland. The Maekubee Company has formed a company in Italy, and in September last, in conjunction with the Union Corporation, it created the British Enka Artificial Silk Company, Ltd., with a capital of £1,000,000, consisting of £250,000 of 6% debenture and £750,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. The British Company has acquired the right of exploiting the Enka process for the British Empire, excluding Canada. It has purchased the national aircraft factory at Aintree, near Liverpool, and the works are now being altered and equipped for the manufacture of artificial silk. The factory will have an initial capacity of about 18,000 lbs. per day, and the first section should commence production during the third quarter of this year. I give full details of this interest of the Union Corporation, as I think it will prove of very considerable value. Dealings in Enka shares are not to start on the London

Stock Exchange until the Company is producing. When they are introduced they will be the centre of very considerable interest.

SWEDISH MATCHES

Another interesting report issued this week is that of Swedish Matches. A final dividend at the rate of 8% has been declared for the year ending December 31, 1925, an interim dividend of 4% having already been paid. The nominal value of Swedish Match shares is 100 Kr. The directors, in the report, speak of the important progress made by the Company, and state their intention of paying an interim dividend of 5% for the current year, which foreshadows a final dividend of 10%, making 15% in all. At the present rate of exchange 15% would equal approximately 16s. 6d. So despite the fact that these shares have risen £1 since they were recommended in these notes on March 13 last, at 12½ they do not appear over-valued in view of the fact that the present price includes the final dividend of approximately 8s. 9d. per share. These Swedish Match shares appear at the present price an excellent investment which should offer ample scope for capital appreciation.

UNDERGROUND ORDINARY SHARES

Since Lord Ashfield's speech at the last shareholders' meeting of the Underground Electric Railway Company of London, renewed interest has been shown in the £10 ordinary shares. He foreshadowed the probability of these shares receiving a dividend in the reasonably near future, which no one will begrudge to the holders, in view of the fact that they have received no return on their money for the past 24 years. These £10 shares have arrears of dividend amounting to about 106%. The obstacle in the way of their becoming dividend earning is the onerous terms of the income bonds. There are £6,330,050 of these income bonds which are due in 1948, and they carry interest at the rate of 6%, free of income tax. The Company, however, have the option of redeeming the bonds at any time by drawing at par on six months' notice. It would, therefore, appear possible that this year a scheme will be formulated to replace these bonds, with an issue less onerous for the Company. In addition to the £10 ordinary shares, of which £5,000,000 are issued, there are £59,948 17s. in A. ordinary shares of 1s. each and £5,000,000 contingent certificates of £1 each. These three classes of shares rank after the income bonds and will probably be consolidated into a fresh issue, which will make the distribution of profits when available a less complicated matter.

BAUCHI

Holders of Northern Nigeria Bauchi Preference Shares will have been gratified at the declaration of the second interim dividend of 10% for the year ending June, 1926, declared this week. I have in the past on several occasions drawn attention to the potentialities of these shares, and it is interesting to see justification in the most tangible form—dividends. It is difficult to estimate what final dividend will be paid. On the year's output the profit will probably be sufficient to pay a further 20%, but in view of the necessity for building up a reserve, it is doubtful whether the directors will pay more than a further 10%. As these are 10s. shares they certainly appear undervalued at the present price, particularly in view of the exceptional richness of the alluvial on the Company's property.

TAURUS

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are renewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 216

TWO FAMOUS SONS OF FRANCE OUR PILLARS FORM.

1. Curtail what seamen fear when comes the storm.
2. And now behead what yonder tree can show.
3. You have it on your tongue, or nearly so.
4. Frequents the fens—his diet mainly worms.
5. "Best fruit of life," the German sage affirms.
6. Cheers, not inebriates—so it isn't wine.
7. We need her grace—the game she must resign!
8. Curtail an island of the Middle Sea.
9. What bigger bird can Europe boast than me?
10. From Lemur genus pare the final letter.
11. In puddings only we may hope to get her.
12. Not with a hook will he be quickly caught.
13. Thus stood the farmers ere the fight was fought.

Solution of Acrostic No. 214

B elie F ¹ Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Bk. 1. 533.
L azarett O "As when the greyhound o'er the level
O ny X plain
O pponen T Pursues the hare—both speeding, one
D aphn E¹ for prey
H eathe R And one for life—as nearer yet he wins
O rbicula R And nearer—holds her now for sure—
U ngka-put J² and close
N inescor E² With eager muzzle pants—she, knowing
D umb-waite R scarce
If she be ta'en or not, with hair-
breadth turn
Baffling the gripe, one moment yet the
fangs
Escapes—so fared it with these twain."
Henry King's translation.
² The agile gibbon (*Hylobates agilis*). "It
is timid, gentle, and affectionate."
³ The patriarch Isaac died at the age of
180. Gen. xxxv. 28.

ACROSTIC No. 214.—The winner is the Rev. J. A. Easten, Thurning Rectory, Guls, Norfolk, who has selected as his prize 'Recollected in Tranquillity,' by Janet E. Courtney, published by Heinemann and reviewed in our columns on April 10 under the title of 'A Pioneer Woman.' Nineteen other competitors chose the same book, twenty-seven named 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Madge, Margaret, Novocrete.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, Baitho, Beechworth, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, W. F. Born, Boskerris, Carlton, Ceyx, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Dolmar, East Sheen, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Jeff, Lar, Lilian, Martha, Lady Mottram, Oakapple, Peter, St. Ives, Tyro, Varach, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, C. J. Warden, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. H. B., Baldersby, Mrs. J. Butler, Chip, Doric, G. M. Fowler, Hetrians, Miss Kelly, Gladys P. Lamont, Melville, H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, Quis, Sisyphus, M. Story, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Twyford, Albert E. K. Wherry, Yendu. All others more.


G. W. M.—Is not 180 nine-score?

PETER AND NOVOCRETE.—Thanks for calling my attention to the omission; your names are included in the subjoined list of leaders.

BOSKERRIS.—Please look again; your name duly appeared among correct solvers of No. 211.

OUR FIFTEENTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Ninth Round the leaders are: Gay; Lilian; Baitho, Carlton, Doric, Margaret, Novocrete; Peter, St. Ives; Boskerris, Ceyx; Baldersby, N. O. Sellam, Zyk; Martha, Sisyphus.

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The NINETY-SECOND HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders was held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on the 10th March, 1926, when the Directors submitted the following Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank and the Profit and Loss Account for the Half-Year ended 31st December, 1925, which was duly approved.

BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.		Y.
Capital	...	100,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	...	86,500,000.00
Reserve for Doubtful Debts	...	5,287,363.66
Notes in Circulation	...	5,657,069.44
Deposits (Current, Fixed, etc.)	...	579,412,914.66
Bills payable, Bills Re-discounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank	...	589,013,373.24
Dividends Unclaimed	...	40,703.25
Balance of Profit and Loss brought forward from last Account	...	5,568,628.43
Net Profit for the past Half-year	...	9,237,302.48
		Yen 1,378,718,235.38
ASSETS.		Y.
Cash Account—		
In Hand	...	42,146,254.06
At Bankers	...	39,361,577.70
Investments in Public Securities and Debentures	...	297,070,592.61
Bills discounted, Loans, Advances, etc.	...	316,014,739.50
Bills receivable and other Sums due to the Bank	...	636,396,337.45
Bullion and Foreign Money	...	19,074,465.50
Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, etc.	...	17,054,398.56
		Yen 1,378,718,235.38

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

		Y.
Dr.		
To Reserve Fund	...	3,000,000.00
To Dividend—yen 6.00 per Share for 1,000,000 Shares	...	6,000,000.00
To Balance carried forward to next Account	...	5,805,990.91
		Yen 14,805,990.91
Cr.		
By Balance brought forward 30th June, 1925	...	5,568,628.43
By Net Profit for the Half-year ended 31st December, 1925	...	9,237,302.48
(After making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, Rebate on Bills, etc.)		
		Yen 14,805,990.91

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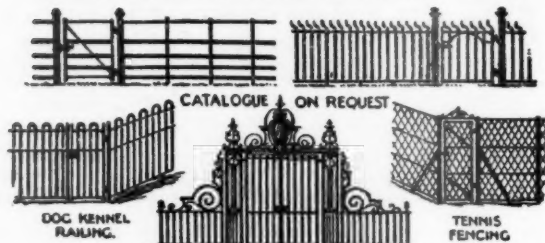
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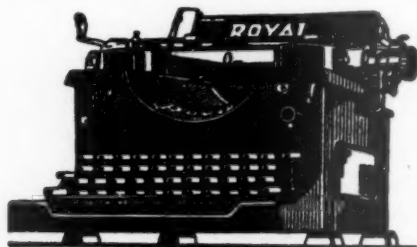
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